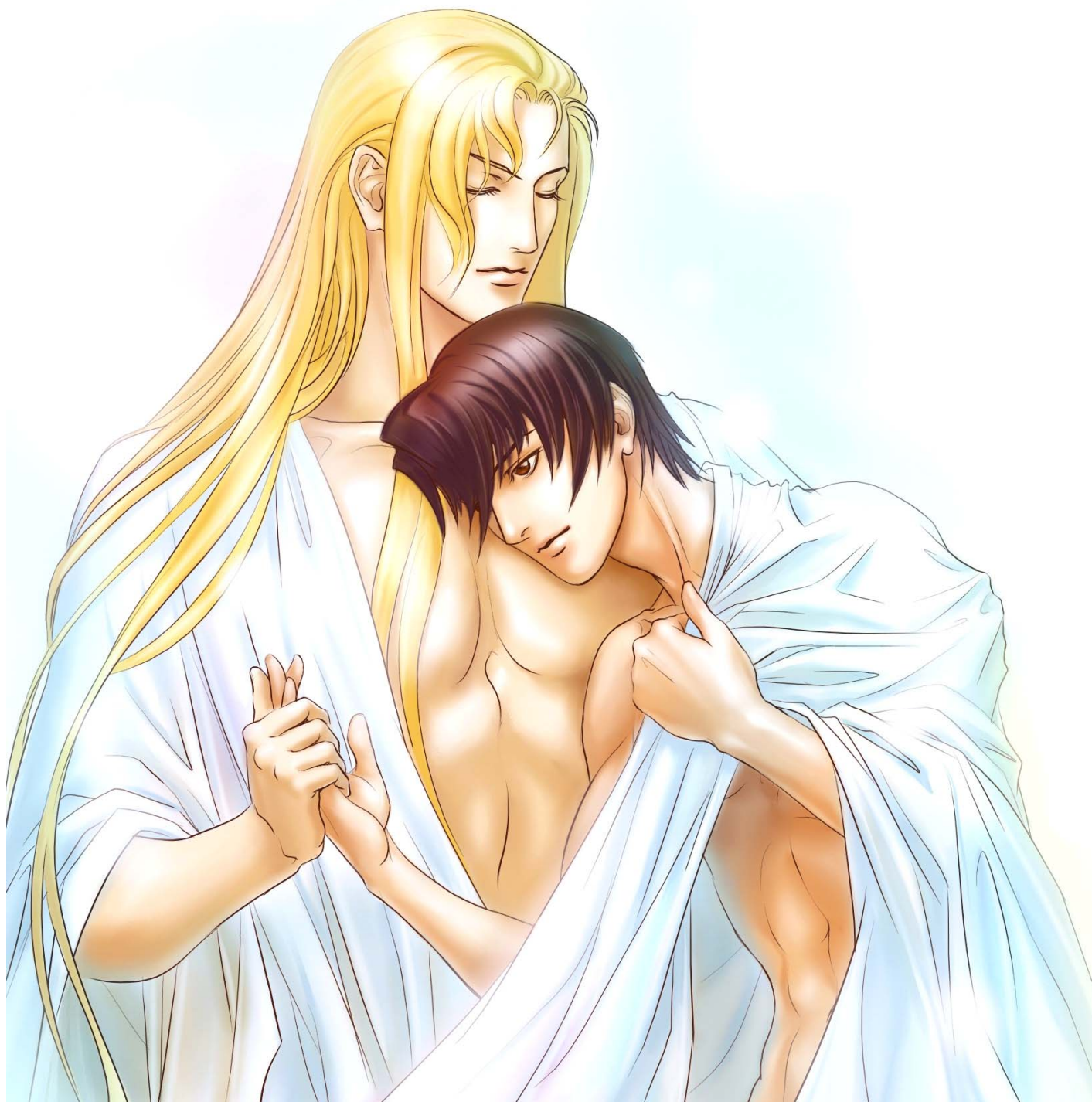


# THE MASTER'S HAND

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## Chapter 1

# Master Iason

“Let...let me go,” Riki stammered. He was mortified that he had climaxed so quickly, but there was nothing he could do about it now. Iason continued to pin his arms above his head, keeping him pressed up against the wall. The mongrel withered under his unwavering gaze, anxious to gather his clothes and leave the dark, rather squalid motel room. But apparently the Blondie had other ideas.

“Don’t tell me you think you’ve repaid me with such a miserable performance as that?”

Riki sighed. “Fine. Let’s have it. What do you want?”

“Get dressed. You’ll come with me.” Now Iason released him, watching as he fumbled with his clothes.

“Where...are we going?” he asked, frowning.

“To Eos. In Tanagura.”

Tanagura. Riki had only been beyond the borders of Midas on a few day trips but had never been deep inside Jupiter’s city, the grand metropolis of the Elites.

“Why are we going there?” he demanded.

Iason continued to examine him with unblinking scrutiny, arms now folded across his chest and a slight smile tugging at his lips.

“We’re going to my place. Perhaps you’re accustomed to such filth as this, but I assure you, I am not.”

Riki scowled, leveling him a dark look.

“Aren’t you Mr. High and Mighty? Forgive me if I failed to throw out a red carpet for you, *Prince* Iason. I suppose you’re used

to everyone running around kissing your ass, but you won't get that kind of treatment from me. Let's get this over with. I haven't all bloody night to be waiting around for you to make up your mind. Tell me what you want and let's have it done. *Your majesty.*"

These last words were spoken with venomous sarcasm, the mongrel's disgust readily transparent.

Iason laughed softly. "Is this how you intend to repay me? With disrespectful talk such as that?"

"Bloody hell. Just tell me what you want, for crying out loud!"

"I want you to get dressed and come with me, as I've already stated. Are you capable of doing that, or shall I help you put your pants back on?"

"Asshole," the mongrel muttered, under his breath.

He finished dressing and then followed the Blondie outside to his vehicle, a flashy new model that looked to have cost a fortune. He settled into the back seat with the elusive Elite, so impressed by the luxurious interior that, at least for the moment, he felt a little more enthusiastic about the Blondie's proposed trip into Tanagura. With a vehicle like this, Riki could only guess what the Blondie's home looked like—it would be worth the inconvenience, if only for a peek inside the world of the Elites.

So. This...*Iason*...wanted a full night with him, perhaps. He only hoped the Blondie would be satisfied with that; he had no desire to play the sex-toy all weekend. He had plans with Guy, who would no doubt wonder where he was when he failed to show up as planned. He smiled, thinking of the story he would have to tell him and the rest of his gang.

"I assume you have a name?" Iason asked, having studied him for some moments, intrigued with his reverie.

The mongrel snorted a little at this. Why the hell wouldn't he have a name? "Riki."

He glanced at Iason, then became distracted by the view outside as they moved into Tanagura, approaching the great tower that loomed above the city, at the center of Eos. Excited, he leaned

close to the window, impressed with the grandeur of Amoi's capital city.

"Is this your first time in Tanagura, Riki?" Iason's voice was surprisingly quiet and gentle, smooth as silk, and at the same time, undeniably sensual and masculine.

Riki tossed his head, feigning boredom.

"Fuck no. I've been here a million times."

"Then come here. Sit close to me."

Riki turned to regard the Blondie with suspicion. He didn't understand what he wanted. First, in the motel, Iason had only looked at him, pinning his hands above his head, and then he had fondled him a little and kissed his throat—but that was all.

Of course, perhaps this was because Riki, who was still mystified and humiliated over his lack of control, had ejaculated almost the moment the Blondie touched him.

No doubt now Iason expected something a little more. After all...he *had* saved him from certain death—although it was unclear why a Blondie would concern himself with the plight of a mongrel.

And, as Riki had already told him, it was against his principles to be in anyone's debt. He would have to do whatever Iason wanted, even if it took longer than he'd hoped.

Sighing, he scooted closer to him, staring at his gloved hands, at the expensive fabric of his elaborate suit and cloak. This Blondie was wealthy, no question. He smelled wonderful—exotic, musky, sensual, his every move dispersing his intoxicating scent.

Perhaps once he felt his debt was sufficiently repaid, he could find something to steal—at least a token of his visit with the Blondie. Guy and the others would probably never believe him without proof.

"Closer," Iason whispered.

*Pervert*, he thought. It was perfectly clear now he was drawing things out on purpose. Their bodies were touching, although Iason did not put his arm around him.

Riki cast a sidelong glance at the Blondie's crotch and verified that he was aroused. "Do you want me to suck you off or what?"

Iason chuckled at the mongrel's brazenness.

“No Blondie would engage in such behavior with a pet.”

“I’m not a pet,” Riki challenged. “I’m just a vulgar mongrel, so why don’t you let me give you a nice little blow-job and get this over with. I’ve got a life, you know. I can’t be driving around all night flirting. Let’s do this—I’ll even swallow you, if you want.”

Another laugh. “I suppose I haven’t been completely clear, Riki. We’re not driving around for pleasure. I’m taking you home, to Eos. I’m making you my pet.”

“What the hell are you talking about?” Riki demanded.

“I told you that I would have you pay me. You offered your body to me, and I have decided to take it.”

“I meant a quick fuck, for crying out loud! A fuck or a good suck! You...you are completely insane. Hey! You! Stop the car!” Riki called out to the driver, trying unsuccessfully to open the door.

“It’s no use. You can’t leave. Daryl won’t stop for anyone but me.”

“Bastard!” Now Riki lunged toward the Blondie, swinging at him with all his strength.

Iason easily restrained him, pinning his arms behind his back with one hand without even uncrossing his legs.

Next Riki tried to bite him, but the Blondie grabbed hold of his hair, pulling his head back. Riki was pinned against the Blondie, who kissed his throat, then moved up to his ear.

“Stop fussing. This doesn’t have to be so difficult. The sooner you accept that you’re mine, the easier it will be for you.”

“I’ll fucking kill you,” he snarled.

“Is that so?”

Iason kissed his throat again, his hair falling down against the mongrel’s body, its scent seductive, exotic. He uncrossed his legs and Riki could feel his erection pressing up against his tailbone.

“Let me go, you pervert!”

“That’s hardly an appropriate way to address your new Master. I see some taming is in order. Unfortunately for you, that means you’ll be spending your first night in chains.”

“You can’t...bloody get away with this! I’ll...call the police!”

Iason seemed entertained with Riki's resistance, as though he were dealing with a child.

"Stop struggling, little pet. You'll only hurt yourself. As for the police, you have no rights in Tanagura," he replied, deciding not to mention the fact he was also the most generous benefactor of the Tanagura Police department.

"I'm not your freaking pet! I'll never be anyone's pet!" Riki hissed.

Thrilled and amused with the mongrel's spirit and defiance, Iason only pulled him closer, continuing to explore his neck with soft kisses and a few gentle bites, laughing whenever the mongrel attempted futilely to escape.

Riki discovered, to his great mortification, that he was developing another erection, a fact that was not lost on his new Master.

"What, ready again?" Iason whispered, moving his gloved hand to his thigh but no further.

Just as before, this slight, erotic touching was enough to arouse Riki uncomfortably. He panted, trying to fill his mind with sobering, macabre thoughts, to no avail.

"Are you always so easily aroused?" Iason purred, nibbling on his earlobe, then flicking his tongue inside his ear.

"Please...stop," he begged.

"A pet is expected to perform for his Master. I'm going to release one arm and then you'll perform for me."

"What do you mean, perform?"

"Bring yourself to orgasm."

Riki scoffed at this, snorting. "You're fucking out of your mind, you Blondie freak."

"Perhaps you would prefer if I stopped the car and had Daryl come back here to assist you?"

When Riki remained silent, Iason released his arm, only to restrain him again when the mongrel immediately attempted to escape, lunging toward the door and clawing the handle desperately.

"Daryl! Pull over."

“Yes, Sir,” came the voice of the driver, who Riki could not see through the darkened glass between the front and back seats.

The car slowly rolled to a stop.

“Come back here, Daryl.”

“Yes, Master Iason.”

The voice didn’t sound intimidating; if anything, it was obsequious—simpering, even. The back door opened and Riki beheld a pretty, anxious-looking youth with gentle grey eyes who regarded Iason with something akin to terror.

“Daryl. This is my new pet, Riki. Unfortunately we’re off to a unpromising start here as he already refuses to obey me. So I need you to stimulate him for me.”

The boy’s gaze now fell on Riki, and he looked a little surprised, as though he recognized him.

He had been wondering who Iason had brought with him but hadn’t been able to get a good look at him until now. All he knew was that his name was Riki—and now he realized it was none other than Riki the Dark.

“I’ll do it,” Riki asserted, as Daryl moved toward him. “Please. Let me do it.”

“Very well. You have *one* more opportunity to obey,” Iason warned, pleased that his new pet had capitulated on this point and quite anxious to watch the mongrel masturbate. There was nothing quite comparable to the way a pet pleased himself.

“Daryl. You may resume driving.”

Bowing, Daryl closed the door and got back into the car, smiling to himself. His Master always had his way, that much was certain.

“Now pet. If you give me any more trouble, I shall be forced to discipline you. I don’t think you would enjoy that very much, and it would quite spoil our first night together, don’t you agree?”

Sighing, Riki waited for Iason to release his arm, after which he tugged unhappily on the button of his dark denim pants and then unzipped them, almost angrily. Maybe if he played along, the Blondie would tire of his sick little game and let him go.



He withdrew his engorged shaft, stroking himself with experienced fingers—fingers that often found little else to do in the slums of Ceres than steal a bit of pleasure on a long, barren afternoon. He knew how to bring himself to orgasm quickly and he did so now, his face expressionless, though his breathing increased markedly, his lips parting ever so slightly.

Iason watched, fascinated, then began sliding his hand slowly down the mongrel's thigh, stopping just shy of fondling him.

Riki uttered an involuntary cry as the Blondie's hand moved tantalizingly close, then suddenly he began to gasp with increasing urgency. Deciding to give into the moment, he closed his eyes and let it happen—moaning as his semen pumped out of his twitching organ in erratic bursts, shooting up and dripping languidly down his hands.

Iason watched every movement with glittering eyes, enjoying this performance far more than the mongrel's first.

“Lick your fingers,” he commanded.

Riki hesitated, ashamed. It was something no one had ever asked him to do before...something he had only done in private.

“Obey me, pet.” It was uttered simply, the first of many such times the command would be issued to the recalcitrant mongrel.

His fingers still trembling from his release, Riki slowly held them to his mouth, licking the warm essence from them, his face growing hot. Iason took hold of his hand, guiding it to his own mouth, where he sucked on his fingers in a deliberate, unhurried fashion.

Next, Iason slowly moved his hand to his erection, allowing him to feel the immense size of the organ that bulged from the thin fabric of his bodysuit. Then, he released him. Riki attempted to fondle him, but Iason inexplicably pushed his hand away.

Perplexed, Riki blinked at the handsome Blondie.

“What...do you want me to do?”

He was having trouble reading Iason, who seemed interested in sex while avoiding much actual contact, other than a bit of teasing, a touch, or a kiss here and there.

“We’re almost home. Then I’ll have you perform again where it’s more comfortable.”

Riki narrowed his eyes. “Will you let me go then?”

“I’ve already told you. You’re staying with me. You’re my pet now.”

“Who ever heard of a mongrel pet?” he demanded. “This is some game you’re playing.”

“I assure you. It is no game. And as for your being a mongrel pet, that’s what makes you a rare animal.”

“I’m not a bloody animal!”

“You misunderstand me, pet,” Iason replied gently. “I did not mean it the way you have interpreted.”

“Take me back now!” Riki’s voice was louder, more desperate as they pulled into the parking garage of a large condominium complex. “Please! Just take me home!”

“We *are* home,” Iason answered, softly, as they drove through the lot to the VIP parking.

“This is pure insanity. I’ll fucking slit your throat while you’re sleeping!” he threatened, struggling again as Iason quietly restrained him, his strong arms wrapped around him.

“I suppose this means you’ll be in chains for some time. That’s just as well. I’m actually rather fond of a pet in chains.” Iason spoke impassively, as though completely unimpressed with Riki’s threat.

“You’re...one twisted, fucked up, perverted piece of Blondie cum-sucking scum!”

“Such vulgar language, pet,” Iason sighed. “Now. The first thing we need to do is clean you up. You could use a good bath, I think.”

At this, the mongrel frowned, offended.

“I’ll have you know I shower every day,” he protested.

“Perhaps it’s your clothing, then. No worries—there are plenty of clothes in the penthouse that should fit you for now. I’ll have the tailor come next week and fit you out with a new wardrobe.”

“Are you saying I stink?” Now the mongrel’s pride was wounded, and he resented the Blondie’s implication that he was not

well-groomed. He had always prided himself in taking good care of his body, and he had certainly never received any complaints before.

"You're filthy, no doubt from your fight, or have you already forgotten about that? You're probably used to such skirmishes, a wild little wolf like you?" Iason buried his face in his hair. "Such soft hair. But you could use a more aromatic cleansing agent."

"I can't help it if I'm from the slums," the mongrel snapped. "I'm not some fancy rich Blondie like you with a bottle of fine cologne stuck up my ass. All I can afford is soap."

"You have a good set of teeth," Iason observed.

"Stop examining me like I'm some kind of animal!"

The car rolled smoothly to a stop and Daryl cut the engine.

"We're on the top floor. Now, you can go up there with dignity, or you can go kicking and screaming. Either way, you're going," Iason announced sharply.

Riki contemplated this choice for a moment, realizing that his best chance of escape was to play along with the Blondie.

"Yeah, yeah. All right," he conceded, pretending to cooperate.

"A wise choice."

Iason continued to hold onto his wrist, much to Riki's annoyance. He knew it would be impossible to break away unless he could distract him somehow.

As they exited the car, Daryl moved to his other side. Riki had no worries about the wide-eyed pretty boy, but the Blondie was another thing altogether. His grip was like steel.

"Ease up, why don't ya? You're cutting off my circulation."

Iason answered this by slightly loosening his grip, but not enough to give him any hope of escape. He decided he would have to get brutal and knee the Blondie.

"So...you live on the top floor, huh?" he asked nonchalantly.

"Yes."

"So is this building just for Blondies or what?"

Iason's eyes narrowed suspiciously. He could tell the mongrel was playing with him.

When Iason failed to answer him, Riki suddenly lunged toward him, swinging at him awkwardly with his left hand while he attempted to knee him in the groin.

Unfortunately, both attempts failed as the Blondie immediately restrained him, easily evading his offensive without Daryl's assistance. Now, he held both arms roughly behind his back, pushing him a little angrily into the elevator.

"Help!" Riki cried. "Someone help me! I'm being captivated!"

Smiling slightly at his misuse of the word "captivate," Iason now held his wrists with one hand, pressing his other gloved hand hard over his mouth as he pulled him roughly against his own body.

"Quiet down, pet. This is dinner time in Eos. The Elite don't like being interrupted by annoying pet tantrums when they're eating. Naughty little pet."

Riki's eyes now fell on Daryl, who watched him with an almost boyish innocence, looking altogether amazed at his defiance.

In fact, Daryl knew he was the notorious Riki the Dark, infamous for his petty crimes and for heading up the formidable Bison gang, the bane of the Midas Police. That his Master had acquired him as a pet was nothing short of bewildering. He was rather terrified that he was to be Riki's caretaker; he wouldn't be like Iason's other pets—docile, mindless creatures who did their Master's every bidding.

Daryl was afraid he would be unable to control him, and then, of course, Iason would punish *him*. He shuddered, remembering the awful sting of the kasey-whip his Master had disciplined him with once when he had been caught trying to break into the sealed-off guest wing. There was only one thing he could do—call Katze for advice...and maybe a little help.

The mongrel gave Daryl a dark look, contemptuous of the boy's meek subservience.

At the top floor, the door to the elevator opened, and Iason was forced to drag Riki to the penthouse when he began kicking and struggling with all his might.

As they moved inside, the lights automatically came on, and Riki stopped fighting for a moment, completely overwhelmed.

He had never seen such luxury in all his life. The penthouse was enormous—one entire wall was lined with immense, tall arching windows that nearly touched the ceiling, offering a panoramic view of the city below, now lit up and glittering as the first stars of the night appeared. There was a full bar, and a huge living area with plenty of seating—enough, easily, for thirty people or more. Beautiful paintings adorned the walls, and vases and various art objects were dispersed throughout the hall, yet the room remained spacious, seeming very simple and uncluttered—quite elegant.

The floor of the great hall was of Amoian cherry, covered here and there with plush, heavily ornate carpets and lush furs, though the entryway and the foyer, and the connecting hallways beyond, consisted entirely of cool, turquoise marble—like something straight out of a Xeronian palace. Several tall, thick marble pillars lined the hall, and from the high, domed ceiling hung a tremendous chandelier of Aristian crystal and azure-blue sapphires.

Daryl took advantage of his surprise by quietly opening a cabinet near the door and removing a set of pet chains.

The clanking of the chains breaking his reverie, Riki immediately resumed his resistance, attempting to turn his head to see what was happening. But the Blondie kept him firmly restrained against his own body, and in the next instant the collar was around his neck. Then Iason and Daryl were stripping him, despite his struggles to prevent such a humiliation.

Iason, almost as an afterthought, released his grip on his mouth to assist with this project, and Riki used the opportunity to scream.

The Blondie seemed completely unconcerned.

“No one can hear you. This entire floor belongs to me and I assure you, it’s quite soundproof.”

Next Riki attempted to bite him, which earned him a sharp tug on the chain; Iason pulled his head back roughly by his hair and,

removing a glove with his teeth, proceeded to strike him a few times across the face, quite hard.

“You...twisted fuck!” Riki spat.

The Blondie struck him a few more times, even harder than before.

“This is just a taste of what’s in store for you if you continue in this manner, pet. I suggest you give up this foolishness and start being a little more cooperative.”

Sighing, Riki finally ceased struggling, deciding it was probably pointless to try anything with the Blondie standing right there. He would simply wait for a better opportunity to escape—until he was alone with this “Daryl,” a rather fragile-looking boy he felt confident he could easily overcome.

“That’s better. Come, pet. Let’s get you cleaned up.”

Iason led a very unhappy mongrel through the apartment by his neck chain to the bath hall. Riki’s face was stinging almost unbearably from the Blondie’s punishing slaps. He despised the collar. He hated the way Iason kept calling him “pet.”

And yes...he was starting to seriously worry that this was more than just a perverted game, that perhaps the mysterious Elite *was* serious about keeping him as his pet.

When they stepped inside, the mongrel blinked a few times in disbelief. He could never have even imagined such a place. The bath area was the size of a grand living room, with several sunken tubs in separate, screened-off areas, a sauna, numerous smaller enclosed rooms, presumably with facilities, and a large shower.

Immense pots of Amoian ferns were situated tastefully throughout the room, along with generous plantings of gardenias, ivy and peonies in beds built directly into the walls. Recessed oil-lamps flickered above the creamy white and pink blooms as Daryl lit them, one by one, the subdued lighting giving the room a decidedly tranquil ambiance. The floor was an exotic mosaic of sage and ivory tile which extended up the walls along with pale yellow climbing clematis.

But the most impressive feature of the bath hall was the ceiling, composed almost entirely of glass, which now offered an entrancing view of the stars and the rising moon Ios.

Daryl had started one of the baths and now poured various canisters of salts into it, along with a liquid that immediately produced a copious amount of bubbles and a wonderfully relaxing fragrance; Riki recognized it immediately as a component of Iason's complex personal scent.

"Get in," Iason directed, pushing him toward the tub.

Riki obeyed, tentatively sticking his toe in first, which made the Blondie smile, knowing full well Daryl had made sure the temperature was perfect. He enjoyed the view as the mongrel climbed into the tub, then settled down in the deliciously warm water. Daryl attached his neck chain to a metal post that appeared erected for just such a purpose and proceeded to sponge him.

"Bloody hell! Get the fuck off me!" Riki yelled, swatting at him.

Daryl looked toward his Master uncertainly, hesitating.

Iason considered the matter for a moment and then decided he would bathe his new pet himself. He began stripping, immediately garnering the mongrel's full attention.

"What...are you doing?"

"I'll bathe you this time. In the future, you will allow Daryl to do so," he answered.

Riki swallowed as the Blondie revealed his stunning nakedness to him, muscles taut and beautifully sculpted, his manhood—still somewhat erect—immense in size. Iason's long, nearly white hair seemed almost feminine in its soft beauty when framing his virile physique. The Blondie was undeniably gorgeous. Riki forced himself to look away, angry at himself for admiring him.

"I can bloody well bathe myself," he growled.

Iason stepped gracefully into the tub, moving over to sit next to him, and began sponging him with gentle, soothing strokes. Riki did not want to admit that it felt good, but, in fact, he had never in his life been pampered in such a manner, and the Blondie's

gentleness was disconcertingly erotic—the closeness of his naked body making his heart pound.

It seemed to him that Iason deliberately moved close, so that they touched briefly here and there. He could feel the Blondie's warm breath on his skin, which made his hair stand on end.

He silently cursed himself as he realized that, yet again, he was becoming aroused. This was unusual—even for him, and he realized now with complete certainty it was Iason's mere presence that produced this effect. Fortunately, the bubbles concealed the Blondie's apprehension of his erection, or so he thought.

In fact, Iason did not need to see his sex organ to know he was sexually excited again. The mere look in his eyes conveyed as much. He was enjoying how easily the mongrel was stimulated, and bathing him was sheer pleasure. Iason quickly became fully erect and found himself anxious to secure his own release, having coddled his arousal for hours.

"Now pet," he instructed, quietly, "you will perform for me again. Sit up on the edge of the bath." He pointed to the opposite side of the tub.

Riki looked at Daryl, who watched with unveiled fascination. "Is *he* going to watch?"

"Daryl. You may go."

"Yes, Iason-sama," the youth murmured, bowing, disappointed to be sent out of the room but knowing that he could still peek in from just outside the door.

"Go ahead, Riki."

Riki hesitated, embarrassed for the Blondie to see his arousal.

"Obey me," Iason commanded sharply.

The mongrel slowly rose, head bowed, water and soap bubbles dripping from his beautiful body, his bronzed skin glimmering in the moonlight and the flickering flames of the oil-lamps. His neck chain jangled as he moved.

Iason smiled at his stiff erection.

"There is nothing to be ashamed of, pet."



Riki shot him an annoyed look, then sat back on the edge of the tub, taking hold of himself again.

“Spread your legs more,” Iason ordered, his own hand disappearing beneath the water. “Wide. I want to see you.”

Scowling, Riki obliged him, trying to convey his utter disgust with the whole situation through a dark, glowering stare. Iason gazed back seductively, sensual blue eyes brimming with lust—the same look that had done him in before. Shivering, the mongrel closed his eyes in an attempt to block Iason from his thoughts.

*Fucking perverted Blondie.*

He forced himself to think of Guy, of Katze, of the countless young men he had gifted with a good fucking or two, of all those he wanted to sample—of anyone *except* the Blondie that watched him now with such eerie intensity.

His thoughts drifted quickly through images until finding the perfect one: it was the time Guy had offered him fellatio at the Orphanage when they first met. His technique had been clumsy and uncertain then, but it hadn’t mattered; Riki had practically ejaculated at the mere sight of the pretty boy crouching down to service him as he stood, back pressed up against the cool tile, the water from the shower pelting them both relentlessly, steaming up the shower doors.

It was the image closest to what the mongrel now felt in the presence of Iason. It was as if he was a young virgin again, volatile and helpless in the face of the Blondie’s overbearing sensuality.

As he began pumping himself, Iason pleased himself as well, controlling his pace to match Riki’s ascent. The mongrel looked especially enticing dripping wet, his thighs spread wide enough for Iason to get a good look at him, to relish every twitch, every stroke, every ripple of his stomach, arms and thigh muscles as the handsome dark-haired, dark-eyed youth brought himself to orgasm again.

This time Riki lasted a little longer, and his new Master savored every moment. The fine, dark hairs of his thighs, still dripping wet from the bath, were matted to his flawless skin; Iason longed to run

his hands from his knees to his groin, to feel his firm thigh muscles flex beneath his beautiful wet skin, and then push his knees apart a little more.

He was incontrovertibly sexy, this mongrel from the slums, and Iason already harbored deviant thoughts about him. For an Elite to acquire a mongrel as a pet simply wasn't done. To copulate with his own pet was social suicide and would infuriate Jupiter, of that he had no doubt. Yet already Iason had in mind the most perverted of all desires—to take the mongrel to his bed.

From the moment he had first beheld his naked body he had wanted him; he had even kissed and fondled him a bit, unable to restrain himself, despite knowing he was a mongrel. When Riki had become so easily aroused by his touch, he knew then he would have him as his pet. Iason found his rebellious nature amusing, his vulgarity a refreshing change from Elite society and Academy-bred pets, his pride endearing, and his mongrel sexuality irresistibly provocative. His offers to perform fellatio had been so tempting, he had almost succumbed, despite his better judgment.

Riki now began gasping and thrusting into his hand, signaling his final ascension.

Thrilled, Iason brought himself to the brink quickly, expertly, delaying release until just after he heard his pet's rather strained, though decidedly erotic, sex cries and could see the blissful look soften his angry features.

Closing his eyes, the Blondie let his head fall back against the tub as he ejaculated into the warm, fragrant water, imagining he was penetrating his new pet for the first time.

"Let me go now," Riki begged, after a few moments. "All right? You've had your fun."

Opening his eyes, Iason saw that the mongrel was watching him, a desperate, pleading look on his face.

"Are you going to wash your own hair, or do I need to do that for you too?" Iason replied, ignoring his plea, his voice thick with sex.

“I didn’t need you to wash me in the first place,” Riki snapped. “And in case you get any twisted ideas, I wipe my own ass.”

“I’m glad to hear it,” Iason answered wryly. “Very well. Wash your hair and finish cleaning off.”

The Blondie rose from the bath, just as Daryl rushed in with a large towel for him.

“Stay with him but allow him to finish on his own, just this once.”

“Yes, Master. I left some wine for you, by your chair.”

Iason nodded, almost dismissively, and left the bath area without another word to Riki, who slipped back into the water, sighing a little at its muscle-soothing warmth.

He leaned back, making himself comfortable and closing his eyes. He was actually rather sore from his earlier skirmish—the very fight Iason had, for some reason, interrupted, inexplicably intervening to save his life—and the bath seemed to help. Besides, if he was going to be stuck in an Elite’s home for awhile, he might as well enjoy its luxuries. A smile curled his lips as he thought of how Guy would react when he told him about the penthouse. And he had to concede—he *did* owe Iason something for helping him out of a rather nasty scrap. Surely, in a day or so, with a few more of these “performances” the Blondie seemed to enjoy, Iason would be satisfied that his debt had been repaid, and then Riki could go back home, to Ceres.

Daryl studied him for a moment, finally gathering up the courage to address him.

“You’re...Riki the Dark, aren’t you? The leader of Bison?”

“Yeah,” the mongrel grumbled, though softening a little at Daryl’s obvious admiration. He rather liked having a reputation that extended into Tanagura. He opened his eyes. “You’ve heard of me, then?”

“Everyone’s heard of you. Katze says you’re the prince of Midas.”

Riki perked up at this, gazing back at Daryl a bit skeptically.

“Katze? Not Katze, from the underground?”

“Yes.”

“How do you know him?” Riki demanded.

“Oh! He...trained me, when I first came to Master Iason.”

“Trained you?” the mongrel looked perplexed but was impressed with Daryl’s lofty connections.

“He said you were beautiful. I can see he was right.”

Now Riki broached a small smile. He liked the boy’s compliments, especially since he could tell they were genuine. But he was even more flattered over Katze calling him *beautiful*, having always harbored a secret infatuation for the mysterious leader of the Black Market.

“So...who is this ‘Iason Mink’ anyway? Is he, like, some kind of millionaire or what?”

“You don’t know who he is?” Daryl was stunned. He had never met anyone who didn’t know his powerful Master.

Riki shrugged. “Should I?”

“He’s the Head of the Syndicate,” Daryl answered, his voice now lowering to a whisper, “He reports to Jupiter.”

“No shit?” Riki shook his head.

*Fucking unbelievable.* The pervert was the bloody Syndicate boss. Of course Riki knew about the sentient computer Jupiter, who only Blondies reported to, and only one Blondie directly—the Head of the Syndicate. But having spent his entire life in Midas, he was a bit fuzzy about what exactly went on in the city of the Elites. All he knew is that, until now, he wasn’t part of it. Mongrels, as descendents of those who had rebelled against her during the days of the Revolution, were not even recognized by Jupiter.

Daryl nodded. “Everyone worships him, practically. Everywhere he goes in Tanagura, people come up to him. He’s—how can you possibly not know who he is?”

“Like I give a shit what goes on in Tanagura? I have my own life...back in Ceres. Speaking of which, when the fuck is he going to let me go? Guy’s probably pissed as all hell that I’m not at his place now.”

Not to mention the fact that he had already spent himself before the night had even started, he mused. No doubt Guy would pay him back for *that* by fucking him raw. He smiled, imagining Guy's expression when his touch failed to elicit the slightest response.

The boy blinked, gazing at him for a moment. "Sir Riki. You are Master Iason's pet now. You won't be going back to Ceres."

Unhappy with this additional confirmation of the Blondie's repeated assertion, Riki fell silent, staring into the water gloomily. Still, there had to be some way around this pet nonsense. He would just have to bide his time until he found a way to escape, or somehow convince Iason to release him.

He knew one thing: he was not going to be anyone's pet, least of all the pet of this insufferable Blondie. Whatever his status in Tanagura made no difference to him—he could be the fucking prince of Amoi for all he cared.

Riki bowed down to no one, not even the great Iason Mink.

## Chapter 2

# Hunger Strike

“Unchain me,” the mongrel hissed, struggling futilely against the cuffs that kept his arms shackled above his head.

The Blondie sighed, examining his nails as he answered. “I already told you. I’ll unchain you when I feel you’re ready to act in a civilized manner. Although your conduct so far leads me to believe you’ll be in those chains for some time yet.”

“Bastard! Freak! You wait—I’ll have your heart for this. I’ll tear it out from your chest and eat it raw!”

“I see. And...is that supposed to persuade me to release you? You may want to rethink your strategy, if you plan to be free of those chains any time soon.”

Riki stared back at the impassive Blondie, seething. “You can’t just...*kidnap* people and treat them like this. I know you’re some...fancy Syndicate boss, but that doesn’t give you the right to make me your slave.”

Iason now appeared absorbed in a journal article he was reading, flipping the page and pausing before replying. He sat in an enormous chair, his legs comfortably crossed, a glass of wine in one hand, his gloves carefully laid out on the arm of his chair.

“I did not kidnap you. You offered yourself to me, and so I took you. I don’t need to remind you that you are a mongrel. You have no rights whatsoever—not here, and not in Midas. Therefore, when it comes to you, I am perfectly entitled to do whatever I please.”

Riki fell silent, then closed his eyes, wincing.

“My arms are cramping,” he moaned.

“I imagine they are.”

“Can’t you at least chain me another way? This is bloody torture.”

The Blondie sighed, as though annoyed with the request, placing his wine on the table next to him along with his journal. He rose, approaching the mongrel, and for the first time in hours he finally looked directly at him. “Your constant complaining is exceedingly tedious, pet. I shall allow you to lower your arms for awhile, only so I might have a few moments’ peace.”

Riki waited impatiently as the Blondie reached up and unhooked his chains from the wall and then, the moment his arms were free, he lunged forward, attempting to wrap the chain around Iason’s neck.

He succeeded in knocking him off balance and they both went tumbling to the floor, but in the next instant the Blondie had him face down on the cold wood, his arms pinned behind him, his immense body on top of his, crushing him with his weight. Iason took hold of Riki’s hair, pulling his head back.

“I could snap your neck,” he hissed into his ear. “Perhaps I should, for that little stunt.”

“Break it,” the mongrel shot back. “I’d rather be dead than perform one more time for you!”

Now Iason fell silent; the mongrel’s naked body under his own was eliciting a reflexive carnal reaction. Instinctively, he spread Riki’s legs with his knees, his developing erection pressed hard up against the youth’s buttocks and then, finding the position too tempting to resist, he rocked his body forward, thrusting against him, just once.

“Pervert,” Riki whispered.

At this, the Blondie rolled off him, and in the next instant had him back on his feet, jerking him up by the hair. He struck the mongrel across the face, hard—once, and then a second time, even harder.

Though he tried not to cry out, Riki could not help but give a little yelp at the second stinging strike, his cheek burning and tingling.

“For that transgression you’ll spend the night standing,” Iason announced, his eyes dark with anger. He fastened the mongrel’s chains to the wall above his head roughly and then turned without another word and strode from the room, retiring to the Library.

Riki tried not to cry, but his eyes stung with tears. He blinked hard, fighting them, but eventually his discomfort, and his frustration, were too much to endure. He wept silently at first, not wanting the Blondie to perceive his anguish, but after a time he no longer cared who heard him, so intense was his suffering.

It was some hours before Iason returned to the great hall. At first he intended to ignore the mongrel as he passed by him to go to his bedroom, but then, hearing his weeping, he stopped.

“Perhaps you’re regretting your earlier conduct,” he probed, his voice more gentle now.

“I’ve wet myself,” Riki replied miserably. “And my arms ache something awful.”

Iason sighed. “Well, we can’t have you standing all night in your own mess. I trust you have the sense not to fight me this time?”

Riki nodded meekly.

“Very well.”

The Blondie unfastened him and then led him to the bath hall. It was late, and he had already allowed Daryl to retire; though he could have easily summoned the youth, he opted instead to bathe his pet himself. He fastened Riki to the post by the bath and then undressed as the water filled the spacious tub.

The mongrel could not help but steal a few long looks at Iason’s perfectly sculpted physique; even he had to concede that the Blondie’s body was beautiful—his porcelain complexion and light blond tresses such a contrast to his own dark hair and skin.

The water was warm, fragrant and bubbly, and once again Riki found himself enjoying being bathed far more than he wished, or would ever admit. He was also rather painfully aware of his arousal, ashamed to be so attracted to the Blondie who had kept him so cruelly in chains for hours. It was infuriating; yet it was



undeniable—there was simply something about him that he found irresistibly sexy.

He almost hoped Iason would solicit a performance, but the Blondie appeared to be in a more pensive mood, washing him with slow, gentle strokes, the soft sponge dripping warm water on his skin in a way that made him shiver—not from cold, but from the sensual pleasure of the Blondie’s attentive caresses.

“You’re a very naughty pet,” Iason announced, finally, as though just having come to this conclusion.

“I’m not a pet,” he protested, though his defiance was diluted by a great yawn, which betrayed his exhaustion after nearly three days without sleep.

He had refused to sleep or eat anything since his arrival at the penthouse, and now this resolution was starting to take its toll.

“You *are* my pet,” Iason confirmed, “but you’re quite obstinate. Why do you insist on this pointless act of defiance? We both know eventually you must eat and sleep. So why not end this nonsense now? You’re only hurting yourself.”

“I told you. I won’t eat or sleep until you set me free.”

“The sooner you come to terms with the fact that you belong to me, Riki, the easier it will be for you. You’re only making things difficult for yourself.”

“I don’t belong to you or anyone else. You can call me your pet if you want, everyone’s entitled to a delusion. But I’m not your pet, and I never will be.”

The Blondie paused for a moment before replying. “If you persist in defying me, Riki, I shall be forced to punish you.”

“Then punish me! You’d probably get off on it, you sadistic fuck!”

At this, Iason frowned. Riki cringed, waiting to be struck, but the Blondie continued to bathe him, saying nothing.

Then, with almost chilling softness, he replied, “You’ll not speak to me in such a manner, pet. I’ll not tell you again.”

Though Riki was tempted to answer that with another insult, something about Iason’s tone of voice stayed him. He would not

have admitted it to anyone, but the Blondie frightened him, and he decided—at least this once—that he would not provoke him further, and so the rest of the bath was completed in silence.

His jibe had probably cost him a night of agony, or so he presumed, fully expecting to be put back into the horrid chains and forced to stand with his arms shackled above his head.

But Iason surprised him by leading him back to the hall and chaining him to the wall in such a manner that allowed him to sit down—even lie down, if he chose—on the floor.

Without a word, the Blondie rolled out a thin mattress near him and tossed a pillow onto it.

“Sleep,” he commanded and then left the hall, retiring to the Master bedroom.

But the mongrel stubbornly sat up against the wall, refusing the pathetic bed that had been offered him, though he sorely wanted to submit to his desire for sleep. Instead, he forced himself to stay up another night, jerking awake every few minutes as he fought his own body. By dawn he was so exhausted he could hardly think straight.

Daryl came into the hall, immediately looking over to see if Riki had slept.

“You didn’t stay up all night again, did you?” he asked, frowning, knowing his Master would not be pleased.

“What do you care?” Riki grumbled, his voice hoarse.

“You need your sleep, Sir Riki. And you must eat something. I’ll bring you some breakfast.”

“I don’t want it,” he shot back. “I won’t eat anything that touches his table.”

“I can just put it directly on the floor,” Daryl suggested, not quite getting the thrust of Riki’s objection.

“I told you I don’t want it! Are all Elite eunuchs as stupid as you?”

Daryl frowned at this, disappearing into the kitchen. He returned a few moments later with a tray of food, which he attempted to set down next to the mongrel.

Riki reacted to this by kicking the tray, sending the dishes crashing to the floor. "I told you I didn't want it! Fuck off!"

Master Iason emerged from his bedroom, looking tired and cross. He wrapped a robe around his naked body, tying the sash at his waist angrily. "What is all this?" he demanded.

"He refuses to eat, Master," Daryl replied meekly.

The Blondie placed a hand on his hip. "Does he now? We'll see about that."

He strode forward, grabbing Riki's neck chain and forcing his face down to the spilt food on the floor.

"Eat it," he hissed. "If you throw your food to the floor like an animal, you'll eat off the floor like one."

He rubbed the mongrel's face in the food but Riki stubbornly refused to open his mouth.

"Obey me!"

"Go to hell!"

Iason reacted to this by yanking him to his feet, chaining him up again with his arms above his head, the position he knew Riki hated the most.

"Very well. If you insist on this sort of conduct, I am forced to show you who's Master. You'll stand here until you're ready to address me more appropriately."

With that, the Blondie retired to his room, returning to his bed for a few more hours' sleep.

Riki, exhausted and almost immediately in agony from the position, tried hard to blink back tears.

Daryl quietly cleaned up the mess and then attempted to wipe the food from Riki's face, but the mongrel snarled at him, as though he would bite his hand. The gentle youth pulled back, wide-eyed, and then decided to leave him alone, at least for awhile.

After a few hours Riki began whimpering from the uncomfortable position, his muscles cramping unbearably. Daryl watched him, frowning, wishing he could do something to help.

"You must be careful not to provoke Master Iason," he whispered nervously, attempting once again to wipe the food from Riki's face with a warm washcloth.

This time, the mongrel allowed it, grateful, for the food had dried on his skin, creating an uncomfortable, itchy crust.

"If you anger or displease him, he can be...quite terrifying. You haven't really seen it, not yet."

Riki scowled at this but was in too much pain to offer a reply.

"He is Master of this house. His decisions are absolute," the eunuch continued. "You *must* obey him, Sir Riki. He will insist on it. Master Iason always has his way."

At that moment, the Blondie emerged from his room, having already showered and dressed for the day. Even from the distance Riki could smell his wonderfully clean, exotic scent, his clothes and hair fragrant with expensive soaps and lotions, and with Aristian Royal Blend, an especially pricey cologne that he always wore.

Tugging on his gloves, Iason appraised the mongrel with a slight smile. "Still feeling defiant?" he asked tauntingly.

Though he longed to spit back a scathing reply, Riki was now desperate for relief from the chains and so remained silent, his eyes flashing darkly.

Iason approached him and then stood before him, laughing softly. "Such rebellious eyes," he whispered, tracing a gloved finger along the mongrel's jaw line. He leaned forward, kissing his neck and then moving close to his ear. "Such a naughty little pet."

"Please," Riki breathed. "Let me down. My arms...."

"Feeling that, are we?"

The mongrel swallowed, trembling. He hated having to humble himself before the Blondie, but he had reached his limit. Suddenly he feared Iason would leave him standing the entire day, and he knew he couldn't bear even another moment.

"Yes. Please. Release me."

Iason answered this by reaching up and unfastening his chains from the wall hook. Riki groaned, lowering his arms with relief. The Blondie turned, and Daryl stepped forward anxiously.

“I’ve laid out the table for you.”

“I’m not hungry,” he replied. “But see that my pet eats today.”  
With that the Blondie left the penthouse without a backward glance.

\*~\*~\*

Daryl approached Riki, looking a bit nervous. “Master Iason says you are to eat something,” he announced, noting the untouched plate of food on the floor.

“I don’t eat off the floor like some animal,” Riki retorted, eyes shining darkly. “Let me sit at the table like any other Amoian and I’ll consider it.”

Daryl blinked. “I thought you refused to eat anything that touched his table,” he pointed out.

“I didn’t mean that literally,” Riki snapped. “Are you really so daft? Did they just cut off your dick? Maybe they sucked out part of your brains too! Bloody idiot.”

Ignoring the insult, Daryl’s eyes flicked toward the dining room table, which was just beyond the reach of Riki’s chain. He hated unchaining the mongrel; even taking him to the bath hall had become something of an ordeal, and he fully expected him to try and escape.

But Master Iason had been very clear that he was to eat. Daryl knew if he failed in this, *he* would most certainly be punished, and if there was one thing Daryl feared, it was a Master’s whip.

“All right.” Nodding, Daryl started toward him and then suddenly stopped, hesitating.

Riki watched anxiously, trying to conceal his excitement. He was ready to make his move and was fully prepared to do whatever was necessary. Though he had never killed anyone before, he was resolved that, if it came to it, he would do so—or at least, he *thought* he could do so. He knew he had to make his escape *now*, while the Blondie was away. Iason had finally left the penthouse for the first time since bringing him there; Riki had counted three days’ passing, though he had neither slept nor ate the entire time. Iason had

forced him to “perform” repeatedly, so much so that now he felt a bit sore.

At first, he was mystified at how the Blondie managed to arouse him, though now he was sure it had something to do with the pet ring Iason had rather sadistically placed around the base of his cock. The Blondie wore a glimmering, sapphire ring, and Riki had observed him more than once flipping open the top of the ring; there appeared to be some sort of hidden panel beneath the gem. Whenever he touched it, Riki became aroused again—even mere minutes after ejaculating.

By now he was sick of the Blondie’s perversions and constant demands, desperate to get back home to Ceres and away from the city of the Elites.

Now, finally, Iason had left him alone with the nervous, gentle boy, and though Riki did not especially want to hurt him, he knew he would probably have to, if he were to make his escape.

Just as Daryl was about to move forward to unchain him, the door to the penthouse hummed open. Riki scowled at the interruption, turning to see who had ruined his hard-won moment of opportunity, and was a bit surprised to see the tall, auburn-haired youth who strode into the room.

It was Katze, a eunuch who had once served in Iason’s household; to Riki, he was none other than Katze Scar-Face, head of the thriving underground Black Market between Tanagura and Ceres.

“Katze!” Daryl greeted, relieved. “You came.”

“Of course.” Katze’s gaze shifted to Riki, and a small smile tugged at his lips. “So, it’s true. I wasn’t sure if I believed you.”

Daryl nodded. “I was just about to unchain him. He refuses to eat except at the table, and Master Iason says he must eat something today. He hasn’t eaten anything since he arrived.”

Katze moved closer, eyeing Riki suspiciously. “Hmmm. You were about to unchain him? I’ll wager he had some plans for you, Daryl. You really are naïve. NEVER unchain him, unless you have

some sort of weapon, in case he makes a move against you. Don't underestimate this one."

Frowning, Daryl considered Riki, wondering if Katze was right. "I don't have a weapon," he murmured. "And I have to unchain him sometimes, to take him to the bath hall."

"But always before, Iason was in the penthouse, am I right?"

"Yes."

Foolish boy," Katze scolded. "Look at him, Daryl. He's probably twice as strong as you. He could wrap that chain around your neck and choke you to death without breaking out in a sweat."

"Would he do that?" Daryl asked, wide-eyed. He regarded Riki again, now even more fearfully.

"Of course he would. He's not an Academy pet, Daryl! He has no inbred controls whatsoever. Look at him, he's practically foaming at the mouth, he's so angry I've spoiled all his plans."

And it was true; Riki was furious that Katze had intervened just as he was about to make his grand escape. Although the mongrel had always felt nothing but respect for the notorious leader of the Black Market, he found their meeting now most unpleasant.

"Idiot," Katze hissed. "You wouldn't have gone far, Riki. Your pet ring would have prevented your even leaving the penthouse."

This was news to the mongrel. He frowned, unhappily digesting this new information.

Katze nodded. "The doors won't even open for you. And even if you *could* get out of the penthouse, which is impossible, the ring has a tracer in it. You'd be immediately apprehended and brought back to Iason. And here's a tip for you, Riki—don't piss him off. If he ever has cause to punish you, you'll sorely regret it."

"Fuck off," Riki replied bitterly.

"He always says that," Daryl remarked a bit anxiously when Katze seemed to stiffen in response to the mongrel's insult.

"And I hope you discipline him for it?" Katze demanded.

"Well, no. Should I?"

"Of course you should! You can't let him speak to you in that fashion! On your feet, pet!"

Riki ignored him, looking away.

“But, Master Iason...that is, he hasn’t given me *authority* to discipline him, Katze.”

“Have you asked for it?”

Daryl shook his head fearfully.

Sighing, Katze flipped open his communicator, sending an outgoing beacon to Iason.

“Iason Mink.”

“It’s Katze. I’m at the penthouse, helping Daryl with your new pet.”

“Is there a problem?”

“Potentially. Daryl wants to unchain him. Riki refuses to eat unless he can sit at the table. Do you give us authority to use discipline, if we find it necessary?”

“Of course. Only—don’t break his skin. No scars, Katze.”

“Understood. Sorry to interrupt you.”

Iason disconnected without further comment and Katze stood for a moment, smiling at Riki. “Master Iason has given us authority to discipline you, if necessary, Riki. So, I suggest you obey me. On your feet!” He tugged at his neck chain, and the mongrel reluctantly rose to his feet, scowling.

Daryl watched this interchange wistfully, admiring Katze’s confidence. He knew he would never be able to handle the mongrel in the same fashion, and he fervently wished Katze was in charge of Riki, rather than himself.

Katze whipped out a small device from his jacket pocket, a 6700 Series Stun-Pen, holding it before Riki’s face.

“Do you know what this is?”

“Yes,” Riki muttered. It was a favorite of the Midas Police, and Riki was already familiar with its chillingly painful sting.

“Good. Then you know if I’m forced to use it, you’ll be paralyzed for a good ten minutes. And it won’t feel especially pleasant, or so I’m told. I’ll be leaving this with Daryl. So I suggest you abandon whatever great plans you had for escape. Now,” Katze



reached out, unhooking Riki's chain from his collar, "you'll sit down at the table and you'll eat. Understood?"

Riki met Katze's gaze, suddenly feeling weary. He nodded, mortified when he felt his eyes filling with tears.

Katze noted the change in him immediately, softening a bit. "I'm sure this must be difficult for you. But really, you're very lucky. You have no idea how many pets would give anything to be in your place."

"But I'm not a *pet*," Riki whispered, a single tear escaping and slowly sliding down his cheek. He brushed it away angrily, suddenly overcome with emotion.

"You're Iason Mink's pet now. For whatever reason, he's chosen you. If I were you, I would take a good look around you. You're in paradise here. You'll have everything you want."

Katze's voice had lowered to a friendlier tone, though he still held Riki's collar hoop firmly. To see the notorious Riki the Dark reduced to tears affected him, though he chose not to show it.

Daryl watched the transformation of the angry, dangerous mongrel into a weeping boy in disbelief. How had Katze managed it?

"Daryl," Katze whispered, turning toward him, "why don't you bring him some fresh, hot food? I imagine he's actually quite hungry."

"Of course," he replied, rushing off to the kitchen.

And it was true enough; after three days of refusing food, Riki was famished, and now that Katze had somehow managed to break his resolve, he suddenly felt keenly aware of his hunger as well as his need for sleep. He sighed; in the next instant he found himself leaning against the eunuch, who comforted him by running a hand a little awkwardly through his hair.

"All right," Katze murmured, a bit surprised by Riki's sudden submission. "Do you have someone looking for you? Guy, isn't it? I can let him know you're all right."

Riki jerked back, eyes wide. "No! Don't tell him. Please, Katze. It's better he thinks I'm dead."

“Don’t be absurd. How would that be better?”

“Please! You don’t...understand. You’re not from the slums. If he knew I was a pet, he’d lose all respect for me. I’d be nothing to him.”

Katze sighed. Although he wasn’t a mongrel, he had plenty of contact with Ceres and knew that Riki most likely spoke the truth. They were a strange breed, the mongrels, especially those that ran in gangs. He nodded. “Fine. I’ll say nothing, if that’s what you want.”

“Yes. It’s what I want.”

“Sit down, then. Daryl’s bringing you some food.”

Riki hardly knew what he was doing from that point on; his body was nearly at the point of collapse. He ate and then he found himself carried to a bed—he wasn’t sure where the bed came from, only that now it was there, against the corner wall of the great hall.

He heard Katze and Daryl talking over him but was too confused to make out what they were saying and then he was someplace else, in the comforting arms of his dreams.

When Iason returned home that evening, Riki was still sleeping, sprawled out on the bed that Katze had moved into the great hall.

“Did he eat?” he demanded, when Daryl rushed to wait on him.

“Yes. He’s been sleeping all day. Shall I wake him?”

“No. Let him rest. Katze was here, earlier?”

“Yes, he only left about an hour ago. He says he can come again, if we need him.”

Iason nodded. “Did you have to use force?”

Daryl shook his head. “Sir Riki seemed to do whatever Katze said. Katze told him about the pet ring. Sir Riki...was upset about it.”

“Ah.” Iason smiled. “I imagine he was. So he gave you no trouble?”

“Not really. Katze...I think Sir Riki knows Katze.”

Iason arched a brow at this. “Is that so?”

“I think so. Anyway, Katze just...threatened him with a Stun-Pen and after that Sir Riki did everything he said.”

Iason laughed softly at this, and Riki stirred a bit. Daryl frowned, a bit perplexed at his Master's laughter, which he rarely heard.

"So. The mongrel's been stung before. That's good to know. Yes, have Katze come for awhile, at least until we've tamed him enough to remove his chains."

"Yes, Master. Would you like some wine, Sir?"

"Hmmm? Ah. Yes. Icarian Amber, tonight."

"Yes, Sir." Daryl bowed, rushing off to retrieve the wanted drink.

Iason sat down in his favorite chair by the fireplace. The summer was drawing to a close and the room felt a bit chilly.

"And start a fire, Daryl. Keep it burning every day now."

"Of course, Master."

Daryl returned with the glass of white wine, then tended to the fire; the change in the room was immediately felt by both of them, for the warmth and glow of the burning wood gave the penthouse a cozy feel; the snap of the fire was comforting, even mesmerizing.

Iason sighed, sipping his wine and studying the sleeping mongrel, wondering how long it would take before he could convince his unwilling pet to sit on his lap. He found he rather longed to hold him, to bury his face in the mongrel's dark, silky soft hair.

He was accustomed to having his pets sit on his lap when he came home from work and he found he sorely missed this ritual now. He would hold the pet for awhile and then have him perform for him; it was something he did every night, without fail, and merely contemplating it now aroused him.

But Riki had masturbated for him only with great reluctance, and only after Iason had forced his arousal through G-wave emissions. Iason had, after the first night, maintained a distance from him, wanting the mongrel to feel the weight of his chains. He had hoped that by now Riki would be stripped of some of his pride and would be more willing to obey his commands.

Iason had ignored his refusal to eat or sleep, deciding to not even acknowledge his rebellion, but after three days he had determined action was required; he had left it to Daryl to ensure that Riki ate something and was pleased that this had been accomplished. He was also glad to see the mongrel sleeping and hoped this marked a turning point. Although his defiance had been amusing at first, the Blondie had already tired of his continuing insolence and hoped now for a little more cooperation.

Riki stirred again, opening his eyes, and for some moments continued to lie on the bed. Then he sat up, regarding Iason with a sleepy look, his hair tousled in an almost comical fashion.

“I need to go to the bath hall,” he announced.

Daryl rushed forward to attend to him, unfastening his collar chain from the wall. Riki watched him, puzzled. He still could not understand how he was unable to unhook the chain. It did not look as though the boy did anything special, and yet the chain simply fell away from the wall by his mere touch. Yet when Riki tried the same thing, the chain remained firmly fixed to the wall.

Never having been exposed to signature technology, the mongrel did not understand that Daryl’s touch, and Katze’s, had been automatically programmed into the restraining system but his had not, in the same way that the penthouse doors opened for Iason as the Blondie approached them.

“Give him a bath as well,” Iason commanded softly.

Riki frowned at this, still not comfortable with being attended to so intimately, even by so inoffensive a boy as Daryl.

“I can bathe myself,” he insisted, sitting up a bit straighter.

“I do not doubt that. But you will allow Daryl to bathe you, Riki, as I made clear to you before.”

Riki opened his mouth to argue and then suddenly sighed, deciding it was hardly worth making a fuss about. Besides, he had secretly enjoyed being bathed—at least when Iason had done it.

He studied Iason for a moment and then looked away, blushing, when he realized he was developing an erection. And this time he felt sure the Blondie had not touched his sapphire ring. Angry with

himself for finding his Elite captor so attractive, he scowled, his face flushing dark.

Iason noted his arousal, intrigued, but said nothing.

When Riki returned to the hall, clean and looking—for the first time—almost relaxed, the Blondie smiled.

“Leave him unchained,” he commanded, as Daryl was about to fasten his collar chain to the wall hook. “And go ahead and unhook his chain from his collar.”

Daryl did so, and Riki almost sighed aloud, so great was his relief at finally being freed of the heavy chain attached to his collar.

“Come here, pet,” the Blondie ordered.

Iason’s request surprised him; the Blondie had, since his arrival, maintained a distance between them, watching him from his chair, or sometimes from a darkened corner of the hall.

Riki approached him slowly, his gaze moving to the fire, which looked especially inviting. The Blondie was certainly accustomed to every comfort, that much was clear enough. Having spent many a cold Amoian winter without any sort of heat but for stolen unit generators—which never seemed to take the edge off the brutal chill of the night—a fireplace like this, in a room already comfortable, was a luxury of which Riki could never have dreamed.

“Sit on my lap,” Iason instructed.

Although another time Riki might have protested, he found he was willing to humor his Master, at least for awhile. Though he still wore chains between his wrists and ankles, now he could at least move freely across the room, and for this he was grateful. As he approached, his erection sprung back to life again, much to his mortification.

Blushing, he crawled onto the Blondie’s lap, embarrassed of his nakedness and his burgeoning arousal. Iason’s wonderfully sensual scent did little to help matters; he found he wanted to bury his face in the Blondie’s long, gloriously silky hair, and he hated himself for becoming so easily aroused when near him.

Smiling, Iason wrapped his arms around him, pulling him against his body. "Why are you ashamed of your arousal?" he whispered.

Riki shrugged, humiliated that he had mentioned it.

"It pleases me," the Blondie continued. "You will come and sit on my lap like this, every night when I come home."

Sighing, Riki allowed himself to relax back against the Blondie's strong body, feeling a bit foolish as his cock continued to twitch and grow, until he was completely erect. He could feel Iason's own erection beneath his buttocks and he waited, expecting the Blondie to make some sort of demand from him. But Iason continued to sit quietly, holding him, and other than embracing him made no move to touch him.

A bit uncomfortable, Riki began to breathe harder, squirming in his lap. "Give me a break," he finally gasped. "I'm about to burst, here."

"Not yet," Iason whispered, pushing his hair back to kiss his throat, his tongue flicking provocatively along his hot skin.

Riki groaned. "You're...deliberately teasing me."

"Very well, pet. Release yourself."

Not needing a second invitation, Riki's hand flew to his engorged member and he began pumping himself with anxious, purposeful strokes designed to bring him to orgasm quickly.

"Slow down," Iason commanded. He frowned, touching a gloved hand to Riki's wrist.

"Shit! I can't!"

Iason answered this by placing his hand over Riki's, forcing him to slow his pace.

This only excited Riki even more. "Oh! I can't...I can't wait."

He pushed his head back against Iason's chest, thrusting his pelvis into his hand. Iason kept his gloved hand firmly over his, controlling him, though Riki strained to increase the cadence of his pump.

"Please...you're torturing me. Why don't *you* do it, then?"

Iason was silent for a moment and then turned to see if Daryl was in the room. But Daryl had discreetly slipped into the shadows, wanting to watch the Blondie with his new pet without being noticed.

"Very well," Iason whispered, gently moving Riki's hand away. He slipped his hand around Riki's shaft, slowly stroking him.

"You're keeping your glove on?" Riki asked incredulously and then gasped, closing his eyes as Iason continued to fondle him. The Blondie slipped his other hand across Riki's thigh and then began kissing his throat.

"Oh fuck," the mongrel groaned, suddenly unable to contain his seed. He ejaculated, biting his lip in an attempt to keep from crying out his pleasure, not wanting Iason to have that satisfaction.

His Master watched him, fascinated, and then, anxious to attend to his own needs, gave his pet a little push.

"Stand up," he commanded.

Riki slowly rose to his feet, eyeing him warily.

"What do you want?"

"Turn around. Facing away from me."

Riki did so, turning to look back at the Blondie, who had unfastened his trouser flap.

Iason met his gaze, his expression unreadable.

"Spread your legs further apart."

"Like this?"

"Wider."

The mongrel glanced back, perplexed. "What, you just want me to stand here?"

"Hold your...spread yourself apart for me. I want to see you."

Riki sighed, feeling ridiculous, but obliged him. He could tell by Iason's silence and the slight rustle of fabric that he was masturbating.

"You've got to be kidding," he laughed. "This is what gets you off?"

"Hush," Iason scolded. "Bend over, pet. Hands on the floor."

“I don’t know if I can even *touch* the floor,” Riki grumbled, though he managed to do so after spreading his legs a bit wider.

So. The Blondie finally intended to take him. Riki cooperated, hoping that perhaps, after giving him what he wanted, he might finally be set free, although he wasn’t exactly impressed with Iason’s choice of position. He felt unstable, exposed, and completely humiliated. He waited, shivering as he recollected the glimpse he’d had of Iason’s enormous organ, then only partially erect, the first night he’d come to Eos. He could only hope his memory exaggerated his size.

But Iason made no move to stand; he continued to sit in his chair, slipping off his glove and then slowly stroking himself as he beheld the mongrel’s exposed backside.

Riki waited, listening to his increased breathing.

“Why don’t you go ahead and fuck me already? And then let me go home,” he announced.

Iason answered this by standing up, and for a moment Riki thought he intended to take him up on his offer. But the Blondie merely placed a hand on Riki’s hip and then, pumping himself quickly, brought himself to orgasm, his semen spraying down the mongrel’s thigh.

Riki looked back, perplexed. Iason gave his rump a little smack before sitting back down in his chair.

He straightened, shaking his head. “You Elite are...*weird*. Why didn’t you just fuck me?”

His Master made no answer, adjusting himself as he fastened his trouser flap. In fact, Iason’s heart was pounding so loud he could hear it, like a drum, in his ears. What he had done with his pet, even that small bit of contact, was considered taboo among the Elite, and he found that, rather than feel ashamed over it, he was exhilarated.

In truth, he *had* been tempted to take him, though just the mere contemplation of so forbidden a pleasure had been enough to bring him to orgasm. The sight of his pet, bent over so submissively and soliciting his sex in such a vulgar fashion had been so



stimulating that he had lost control of his ascent, something that had never happened to him before.

“When can I go home?” Riki whimpered.

“You are home, pet. Hush.”

“I mean Ceres. I want to go back to Ceres!”

“Daryl.”

The single word, almost a whisper, spoken from the Blondie immediately drew Daryl out of the shadows.

“Yes, Master.”

“Chain him up now,” Iason commanded.

Riki pouted at this, feeling somehow a bit used. “Fine,” he muttered, allowing Daryl to snap the chain onto his collar. Without a word, the boy handed him a small towel, which the mongrel accepted, gratefully, wiping the semen from his leg and his own organ.

“Sit at my feet, pet,” the Blondie ordered, pointing to the floor.

For a moment, Riki contemplated resisting. But Iason was watching him closely, and he could tell from the look on his face the Blondie intended to have his way. With a great sigh of exasperation, he moved to the floor, leaning against Iason’s chair, next to his legs.

Iason smiled slightly, reaching down to play with his hair as he began reading from an immense book.

“Why won’t you let me go?” Riki asked again.

“I’ve told you, pet. You belong to me now. Be a good boy and hush; I’m trying to read.”

“I’m not...I’m not a *boy*,” Riki clarified.

“Hush, little pet.”

“And I’m not *little*!”

Iason smiled at this. “You seem so to me. But if it bothers you so much, I’ll not refer to you as such.”

Glad for this small victory, Riki pressed the issue. “Please. I’ll do anything you want. You can fuck me as hard as you want; I’ll swallow you, or whatever gets you off. Please, just tell me what you want and I’ll do it, and then you can let me go home.”

“Riki,” Iason sighed, “how many times must I tell you? You *are* home. You are my pet, and you belong here with me. And if you bring this up *one more time*, I am going to punish you. I’ll give you a good whipping and I can guarantee you won’t like it. I’ve given you enough warnings. Is that perfectly clear?”

Riki sulked at this, falling silent.

“Did you hear me? I said, is that perfectly clear?”

“Yeah,” the mongrel replied glumly.

“Good. Now, be a good pet and stop pestering me.”

“But—”

“Pet,” Iason said sharply, slamming his book closed. “Do you want that whipping now? Haven’t you the sense to be quiet when I’ve asked you to stop badgering me?”

“Yeah, all right,” Riki sighed, leaning back against the chair.

“You made me lose my place,” Iason muttered, thumbing through his book. “Ah! Yes. Here it is.”

Sighing, the Blondie reached down and began stroking Riki’s hair again as he read.

The mongrel sat quietly, wondering how much longer he would be forced to play the Blondie’s game. Katze’s claim that his pet ring prevented his leaving the penthouse was worrisome; if this were true, how would he ever escape?

He refused to believe that he was Iason’s pet, no matter how many times the Blondie said it. He would just have to bide his time, play along and try to please him, until he saw an opportunity to escape or was able to persuade Iason to let him go.

Whether it was the warmth of the fire or Iason’s comforting touch, or the fact that he was still in need of a full night’s sleep, Riki eventually dozed off; he woke briefly, vaguely aware that he was being carried, and then he was back in his bed by the wall.

He sighed, sprawling across the sheets in a boyish way that his Master found especially endearing.

Iason bent down, kissing his cheek. “Good dreams, my pet.”

# Of Lords and Rings & Forbidden Things

Nightfall painted Eos in deep shadows of lavender and dusky blue. It was Jupiter's Eve, and the stars were silently filling the clear summer sky, glittering like Aristian white crystals. Even as the sun was setting in regal splendor, the twin moons were rising, hovering low and brilliant in the sky. In a moment of quiet enchantment, Tanagura was transformed from her serene majesty to a spectacular display of music and light as the city came alive with the night.

And indeed, the city *was* alive: Jupiter, the sentient life force that powered the metropolis, was the head and heart of Tanagura. At dusk her energy took on its most glorious form as she lit up the city in breathtaking radiance. In the entire Quadrant, no city could compare to Tanagura at night, with the exception of the sprawling Senate-run metropolis Ultanum, on Alpha Zen. The well-lit, stunning towers of Eos at the center of the city, which housed the inner courts, forums, and venues of the Amoian upper-class society, were like beacons for the Elite, who gravitated to the affluent province at sundown for the evening's various diversions.

In very much the same respect, Lord Iason Mink was at the center of the Tanaguran social world. The great Blondie was, without question or rival, the magnificent star around which all of Eos turned. Where Jupiter powered the metropolis with pure energy and light, Lord Mink directed the spin of the Elite social sphere with his personal magnetism and unparalleled mastery of

the social arts. His unflagging charisma and intoxicating charm could be counted on, without fail—or at least, it always had been, ever since Iason Mink had become the Syndicate Head.

For the Elite, and especially the Blondies, Jupiter's Eve was monopolized by social obligations—concerts, debates, exhibits, lectures, and various other gatherings and ceremonies. An appearance at these events was expected and often deliberately sought out through invitation. It was simply unthinkable for an Elite to avoid the social circuit or stay home on Jupiter's Eve.

Of all the Blondies, no one was more sought after, of course, than Lord Iason Mink. His appearance guaranteed an event's success, and the time he remained at a given location was always carefully noted. So when, on this particular Jupiter's Eve, Lord Mink did not appear at any of the major gatherings, all of Eos was abuzz with the news.

This, coupled with the rumor that Iason had acquired and subsequently officially registered a *mongrel* pet—reportedly obtained directly from the streets of Midas—burned through the gossip channels like a lit fuse, inviting speculation and talk that was of a decidedly unflattering nature. For the first time ever, and in the course of just a few hours, the popular and charismatic Head of the Syndicate lost a measure of standing among the Elite.

Iason, if truth be told, was surprised by his own decision to avoid the myriad events crowding his social planner that evening. Never before had he shirked his social responsibilities or risked offending a host by failing to answer an invitation with at least a brief appearance.

But by mid-day that Jupiter's Eve, the handsome Blondie had already settled on an alternative agenda: he would spend the evening at home, in his posh penthouse estate. And if the speculation was that his absence *might* be related to his newest acquisition—the mongrel Riki—Iason would be hard pressed to deny it.

In fact, Lord Mink was completely bewitched by his new pet. Though only a few days had passed since Riki had come into his

custody, already the rebellious new addition to the Mink household had turned the penthouse on its head. Riki's surly remarks and shockingly disagreeable conduct, though unnerving to both Daryl and Katze, were amusing to the Blondie, who had become rather bored with Academy-bred pets.

Truth be told, Iason had come to find his entire existence—up to that point, anyway—rather tiresome and predictable, especially when it came to his pets.

Riki had changed all that.

Almost from the very beginning, Lord Mink's thoughts began to turn once and again to his new pet. He mulled over the mongrel's remarks and his various rebellions, such as his most recent hunger strike (which finally seemed to be at an end, or so he hoped); he replayed, in his mind, over and over, the way Riki performed for him, the strained expression on his face when he let loose his seed, how precisely he positioned himself, how he would, with charming reluctance, open his legs at Iason's bidding to give him a better view, or, best of all, the adroit way the mongrel touched himself—the delicate curve of his fingers around his shaft as he worked himself slowly and deliberately to orgasm.

He would reflect on these various scenarios and then find that he had missed some important remark directed to him by a colleague, or worse—by Jupiter herself. All the while Lord Mink's lust for his new pet was increasing exponentially, which the Blondie found astonishing, given the predictable and disappointing disinterest he had secretly come to feel for pets in general.

Thus with a quiet seduction he was not even aware of, the mongrel had managed to completely enamor his new Master in the course of a few days. The Blondie, with increasing frequency, found himself thinking about his new pet; thinking—obsessing, even.

And always, without fail, *lusting*.

Iason had spent Jupiter's Eve feeling especially distracted. Even when a new line of exotic Class A pets from Gardan arrived to be examined, a task that would normally have garnered his full

attention, the Blondie found himself, instead, mentally making comparisons between the Gardan pets and Riki.

The imports were exquisite, no question; yet even while admiring the stunning eyes—one green and one blue—of an especially extraordinary male (the very sort of pet Lord Mink would have wanted for himself, had he not already acquired Riki), Iason's thoughts were turned inward, reflecting on the deep black, brooding eyes of his Midas-bred mongrel.

So, as soon as he found the opportunity, and after sidestepping a few of his more persistent suitors, Iason finally managed to slip away from Jupiter's Tower early in the evening.

He did, quite truthfully, feel a bit guilty for avoiding his companions—in particular, Lord Am, who had specifically invited him to join his party for the rounds that evening and who had seemed unusually insistent that he should accept. But Iason was not in the mood to hear Raoul's views, yet again, on the impropriety and folly of bringing a *mongrel* into his home, or the absurdity and danger of taking on a mongrel as a *pet*.

*A mongrel cannot be tamed*, Raoul had insisted as soon as he had learned about Riki, some days before. Iason, of course, had disagreed, and with a few more sharp words the conversation had ended when Iason had simply walked away. For several days the two Blondies had refused to speak to one another—a breach that was, of course, widely talked about in Jupiter's Tower—and though Lord Mink appreciated Raoul's invitation and its implicit peace offering, he was not about to subject himself to more of his lectures.

Raoul proved to be the biggest evasion challenge that afternoon, for he seemed to find countless reasons to wander by Lord Mink's office, often looking in to see what Iason was doing or stopping to make some pointless remark.

Even closing his office door had not dissuaded the Blondie; Lord Am, though forced to eye him through the blue-tinted, curving window that encircled Iason's office, had shuffled by so slowly and regarded him with such suspicion that it was all Lord Mink could do to keep from laughing openly at his old friend.

Iason, however, was not about to settle for anything less once he had made up his mind to spend the entire evening at home with Riki. With duplicitous strategy, he waited to make his exit until he saw the Blondie heading towards the Emerald Suite for the auction of the Gardan pets. Although it was a bit unusual for the Head of the Syndicate to be absent from a special import auction, there *had* been a few occasions when Iason had been detained at some other event and so had missed an auction or two; he knew all would proceed well enough without him, though he almost wished he could see the look on Raoul's face when the Blondie finally realized Iason wasn't in the private balcony box that overlooked the auction floor.

Feeling victorious for having evaded all his companions at Jupiter's Tower, Iason made his way home in very high spirits. He would have the entire evening alone with his new pet, without interruption or interference. Everyone would be running the evening's rounds, and it would not be until much later that anyone would realize that he had not even gone out at all.

No one would think to look for him at home.

Upon arriving at Eos Tower, Iason took his private lift up to the top floor, wondering how well Riki had fared with Katze as his new trainer. The thought brought a smile to his lips. Katze and Daryl, though both attendants—or at least Katze had been, at one time—were not made of the same stuff. No, indeed. Where Daryl would bend like a reed in the wind without resistance or complaint, Katze was inflexible, uncompromising, dependable, strong, and blunt, though sometimes almost overstepping his bounds with his honest assessments; Katze would not be the least bit intimidated by the mongrel, of that much, Iason was certain.

It had not taken long for the Blondie to realize that Daryl was simply unequipped to deal with Riki. Even Iason's Academy pets had, on occasion, taken advantage of the youth's gentle, lenient nature, although it had only taken a few hard strikes on his rump with a kasey-whip after one particularly egregious oversight for

Daryl to learn the importance of maintaining absolute authority over a pet, even while serving and pampering that pet.

Riki, however, was another matter altogether. Although the Blondie might have realized from the very beginning the inadvisability of putting someone like Daryl in charge of the mongrel, to his credit, Iason did come to this realization fairly quickly. Katze was the perfect solution, and it was not the first time Lord Mink found himself admiring the adaptability of his former attendant.

The elevator doors quietly slid open, interrupting his reverie. The Blondie exited and slowly approached the penthouse, a smile still at his lips. He was genuinely looking forward to the evening ahead. Already his thoughts were of a more concupiscent bent than usual, and he intended to fully savor Riki's performance that night.

The penthouse door hummed open with a welcoming chime and Iason stepped inside, his eyes immediately drawn to the corner of the great hall where his new pet was chained.

"The Master of the House is home. Welcome, Lord Mink." The silky-smooth salutation from the automated penthouse signature identification system was promptly followed by Daryl's more nervous greeting.

"Welcome home, Master. Can I...can I get you a drink?" The gentle, grey-eyed youth rushed toward him but halted a few paces away, as though afraid to venture any closer to the great lord. After years of service, Daryl was finally brave enough to look Iason in the eye—at least for this brief moment during his arrival home each evening, though probably only because the Blondie had recently chastised him for always hanging his head.

Daryl was, quite frankly, surprised to see him. Iason rarely returned home on Jupiter's Eve until the wee hours of the morning, typically leaving for the rounds directly from Jupiter's Tower. He could only suppose his Master had returned home to change clothes before going out, not that there was anything wanting in Lord Mink's attire, for the Blondie was always impeccably dressed.



Riki scowled at Iason from where he lay prone on the floor, his head resting on his arms, and made no effort to sit up and greet him. Katze, who was standing over him with his hands on his hips and looking as though he had just been lecturing him, rectified this indiscretion by giving Riki a firm nudge with his foot.

“Get up!”

“Ow,” Riki protested, rubbing his side with indignation. “You just bloody kicked me, Katze! I was just lying here! I wasn’t doing anything!”

“Precisely. You were just lying there, doing nothing. Master Iason is home; get up and greet him properly,” Katze replied, giving his neck chain a warning yank.

“How can I greet anyone properly when I’m stark naked?” the mongrel grumbled, remaining exactly where he was.

“Now, Riki! You heard me!”

The mongrel sighed loudly and rose to his feet with exaggerated effort and obvious reluctance, glaring all the while at the Blondie, his eyes black and gleaming with resentment.

“Red Emperor tonight, Daryl,” Lord Mink said softly. It took a concerted effort on his part to suppress a smile at Riki’s almost comically unenthusiastic reaction to his entrance. The mongrel didn’t look the slightest bit happy to see him, nor did he seem at all impressed by the fact that the Master of the House had returned. Yet Iason found Riki’s attitude a welcome change from the fawning, often overbearing sycophantic greetings of his former pets.

A Master’s entrance into the home was a pivotal moment in a pet’s existence and his first real opportunity each day to prove his worth as an acquisition; nearly twenty-three weeks of training at the Academy were devoted to entrance etiquette & coquetry alone, but Riki had obviously not even given his arrival a moment’s thought and had only risen to his feet at Katze’s insistence.

Iason slipped off both his cape tabard and tossed them toward the dark sculptured hands projecting from the wall; the shiny robotic hands, activated by the movement, came to life and seized the garments before they fell to the floor.

“R-r-red Emperor? Yes, Sir. Of course, Master. Red Emperor. *Aristian* Red...Emperor,” Daryl stammered, completely flustered by his choice. The imported fine red wine from Aristia was the most expensive potable in the entire Quadrant—one bottle alone cost far more credits than Daryl would ever see in his entire lifetime. Red Emperor was generally saved for visits from important dignitaries, and Lord Mink would often open the bottle himself. The Blondie was quite proud of his reserve, taking obvious enjoyment from the stunned looks of his guests when they saw the famous Red Emperor label.

Daryl glanced toward Katze anxiously, hoping for some assistance (as he was truly afraid to even touch the bottle, let alone uncork it) but Katze, of course, was preoccupied with the mongrel.

Riki was now standing defiantly, hands on his hips, his expression conveying his profound annoyance at being forced to rise at Iason’s approach. Despite the fact that he was completely naked but for a few straps and chains, Riki managed to carry himself with more dignity than some pets did, fully clothed.

Katze gave him another nudge, this time with the butt of a taming stick he had been wielding all day with an authority that the mongrel had come to find extraordinarily exasperating.

“What am I supposed to do, bow?” Riki protested, looking completely mystified as to what Katze wanted.

“I told you to greet him *properly*,” Katze hissed.

It was all Lord Mink could do to conceal his amusement as approached them, but it would hardly do for Riki to think he approved of his belligerent stance. So he put on a stern face and stood for a moment, arms crossed on his chest, and arched a brow as though waiting impatiently.

Riki offered him a slight nod. “Hey.”

This single word and nod apparently constituted the full extent of the mongrel’s greeting. Katze frowned, jabbing the taming stick once again at Riki’s arm. “I said PROPERLY.”

Riki glared at him and then turned back to Iason, sighing and rolling his eyes dramatically. "Welcome home, I guess," he murmured with obvious reluctance.

"Welcome home, *MASTER*," the eunuch corrected, struggling (rather unsuccessfully) to hide his mounting irritation.

But the mongrel blanched at this, his lips pressed together stubbornly.

"Did you hear me?" Katze demanded, his face close to Riki's.

Daryl watched them, eyes wide, in awe of the auburn-haired eunuch. He knew he could never handle Riki with the same stern confidence and unflinching authority; in truth, the gentle, grey-eyed youth was rather frightened of the mongrel, especially after all he'd witnessed that day.

Katze's voice was unusually sharp, not to mention a bit hoarse, but then, the eunuch was by that time exceedingly cross. He had wasted the entire day listening to Riki's complaints while attempting to "train" him in the arts and responsibilities of pet-hood, but the mongrel had proved almost impossible to deal with from the very start.

"I'll take it from here, Katze. You may go home," Iason announced.

Katze, looking altogether relieved at this dismissal, nodded. "Shall I come tomorrow, then?"

"Yes," Iason answered, his eyes fixed on Riki. The mongrel returned his gaze coldly, his lips curled defiantly into a snarl.

Lord Mink was perhaps unaware of the fact that without his cloak or even the closer-fitting tabard, attired only in the skin-tight bodysuit and knee-high boots he wore beneath these other layers, every muscle, hollow, and bulge of his extraordinary physique was on full display. The handsome Blondie was thus the very model of male sexuality; a sculptor could not have created a more aesthetically pleasing form, nor one that could elicit the same degree of response from his admirers, no matter how reluctantly surrendered.

A movement caught Iason's eye and he lowered his gaze. Riki's cock jerked and then quickly filled, his erection offering his watching Master a far friendlier greeting than the mongrel had been previously inclined to impart. Thrilled, Lord Mink felt his own loins stir in response, though unlike Riki, he felt no shame in his arousal, nor did he make any effort to hide the erection that almost immediately tested the limits of his skin-tight bodysuit.

The mongrel's face darkened and he turned away, obviously disconcerted by his attraction to his Master and captor, especially because he had no way to hide it.

Iason noted his discomfiture but this time said nothing. He retreated to his favorite chair by the fire and made himself comfortable there, distracted momentarily by a new issue of Tanagura Quarterly, which he thumbed through absently as he puzzled, once again, over his own reaction to Riki. His erection was already so swollen he could hardly bear it. Though he was not ashamed of his arousal, he was surprised by it, for if truth be told, it had been a long time since he had been so powerfully attracted to one of his pets.

The cold truth of the matter was that Lord Mink, Head of the Syndicate itself, was utterly bored with Academy fare. Each new pet seemed more or less like the previous, with a few variations, perhaps, in physique. Hair, eye color, body type—all these might vary, yet when it came right down to it, the Blondie could not help but feel that he was getting the same pet all over again in a slightly different package.

Or perhaps it was the mindless docility of the Academy pets that put him off, or the rather scripted—albeit flawless—manner in which they performed for him, eyes vacant and unseeing as they groped themselves and robotically thrust into their hands.

Although he still found them entertaining from time to time, Lord Mink had long since given up relying on his pets to move his carnal trains out of the station. He watched them, yes; but it was in the delightful unfolding of his most secret, sometimes shameful, fantasies in the more deviant turns of his mind that he found *true*

sexual gratification. Once he had worked himself up into a state through his own thoughts, the sight of a naked pet fondling himself provided an additional stimulation that did, certainly, intensify his pleasure.

But unless he was already aroused, Iason rarely even looked twice at any pet, even one completely disrobed. In his view, the physical perfection of a typical Amoian pet was almost a detraction from his desirability. All the pieces were put together in a predictable way that the Blondie had begun to find rather uninteresting.

What he wanted—what truly excited him—was something a little different. Lord Mink had always preferred the exotic to the more conservative pet lines, but even there he never found exactly what he was looking for. Something was always missing, and for years now he had despaired of ever finding it.

The moment he first saw Riki, Iason knew he had found his pet—*the* pet that he had been searching and longing for. The mongrel burned with life, his eyes flashing with compelling defiance. Iason was amused, if a little shocked, by his vulgar manner of discourse: Riki said exactly what was on his mind, his responses spontaneous and uncensored. It was a refreshing change from the typical Academy-bred pet, to be sure.

Nor was Riki's sexual performance in any way scripted. His grunts and groans were authentic, and his arousal was incontrovertibly genuine, perhaps because, as Iason knew well enough, the mongrel performed for him against his will.

The Blondie was especially intrigued by the way Riki touched and held himself. He masturbated with experienced ease, yet was almost awkward in his delivery, in his excited, erratic thrusts and his seeming inability to rein in his escalation once it had been set into motion.

An Academy pet could bring a sexual performance to a complete halt at his Master's command—not that Lord Mink ever really put it to the test, though he was certain this fact was true—but

Iason felt sure Riki would be unable to stop himself, once his arousal had reached a certain point.

The Blondie especially found instances of his pet's sexual responsiveness, independent of any coercion on his part, to be extraordinarily stimulating. It also confirmed the authenticity of the mongrel's performance. As a rule, Iason had always insisted on male pets, if only to verify that the "show" was genuine. But even the sight of seed on its expulsion trajectory, though invariably always erotic, was not enough to stimulate him *much* anymore, in and of itself.

Riki, however, was different. Nearly everything about him excited the Blondie. Lord Mink had always enjoyed holding his pets on his lap, but always before, this nightly ritual had been more of a comfort than a stimulation, something that he generally requested *after* the evening's more salacious business had been attended to. Whenever the mongrel climbed onto his lap, however, Iason's organ would spring to life. Their closeness then only intensified his sexual interest.

But more than anything, Iason was delighted that Riki became aroused independently, without his even having to touch the stimulator ring, as he had that very evening, just moments before.

Iason's mere presence seemed to be enough to trigger this response, something that never once happened with an Academy pet. In fact, Lord Mink had always taken it for granted that arousal had to be induced by ring activation—it was simply how it was done, the only way a pet could execute his duties on cue, particularly if his Master wanted multiple performances.

Perhaps because of their conditioning to the ring, pets simply didn't show independent sexual initiative or interest. No pet, before Riki, had sported an erection without Iason having summoned it directly by ring manipulation. The mongrel, once again, had been clearly embarrassed about his arousal, and although Lord Mink had been careful to guard his own reaction, he was utterly thrilled with his new pet's sensual nature.

“Your wine, Master,” Daryl said, his voice barely above a whisper. The anxious attendant was visibly trembling as he held out the wine glass, fearful that at the last moment, some crisis would unfold in the beverage transfer process—that he would drop the glass or spill some of the priceless potable, or in some other respect utterly fail in his attendant responsibilities. Indeed, such was the anguish of the poor boy’s mind that he was tormented by various equally undesirable possible scenarios, such as somehow dramatically tripping and pouring the wine all over Lord Mink, or perhaps, forgetting himself in a sudden and inexplicable bout of insanity, drinking the entire contents of the glass himself before realizing his error. Fortunately, none of his more horrific imaginings had been manifested; the wine had been transported safely across the distance of the great hall without incident, which Daryl considered a sort of personal triumph.

He also felt indebted to Katze. In Daryl’s eyes, the auburn-haired eunuch had played a pivotal role in the successful outcome of Red Emperor task, and he would not soon forget that assistance. Katze had been kind enough to uncork the priceless bottle as well as help him pour the wine—his strong, warm hand over Daryl’s as he whispered reassuringly in his ear, “That’s it. You’re doing just fine.”

“Ah. Very good.” Lord Mink, of course, had absolutely no awareness of the panic he had induced in Daryl by requesting his favorite wine. He only knew that he was in the mood to enjoy himself that evening; Aristian Red Emperor seemed, somehow, quite appropriate for the occasion. He took the drink with hardly a glance at the young attendant, and then swirled the wine in his glass for a moment before taking the first sip.

“Ah! Absolutely superb! Daryl, have all my incoming calls go straight to my box, and mute the signal, please,” the Blondie commanded as he flipped his handheld off and set it down on the table next to his chair.

“Yes, Master.” Daryl attended to this small task and then hovered nearby while Iason continued to sip his wine, looking increasingly puzzled. He glanced at the mantle clock to confirm the

hour—yes, it was well into the seventh hour, but Iason gave no indication that he intended to move from his chair or that he was in any rush to finish his wine in order to commence with the evening's agenda. He exchanged a bewildered glance with Katze, who had delayed his departure, similarly curious about Iason's unexpected appearance at the penthouse on Jupiter's Eve.

"Are you...will you be having dinner elsewhere tonight, as usual?" Daryl finally asked, panic spilling into his brain as he realized that there was no dinner prepared, should Iason, in fact, want it. Daryl never made a formal dinner on Jupiter's Eve because Lord Mink was never home. He and Katze had already eaten a simple meal some hours before, though Riki had refused his dinner.

Iason did not look up from his journal, appearing to have come upon something particularly interesting to read. "No; but I will take care of that myself. That will be all tonight, Daryl. You...may have the evening to yourself."

"What?" Daryl mumbled, not quite understanding. In all his years of service, he had never been dismissed so early in the evening.

"I will not need you for the rest of the night," Lord Mink clarified, flipping a page in the journal. "Go out, if you like."

This was a first. Never before had the Blondie encouraged Daryl to "go out." If anything, the shy eunuch had been made to feel that his Master disapproved of his socializing with other attendants.

The wide-eyed eunuch stood uncertainly for a moment, unsure what to do. He turned to Katze, who quickly offered him a reassuring smile, having caught Iason's hint. The Blondie wanted Daryl out of the penthouse, that much was clear enough. Katze knew it was not his place to speculate *why* precisely Lord Mink wanted to be alone, though he couldn't help but glance in Riki's direction.

"I'm going to a open club tonight," he remarked. "Come with me, if you like."

"Come...go with you? To an open club?" Daryl repeated nervously, shuffling his feet and toying with the hem of his shirt.



“I wish I was going to an open club,” Riki grumbled from the corner of the room. He was sitting on the floor, leaning back against a wall, trying his best to maintain some dignity despite the fact that he was showcasing a rather stubborn erection. “I’d give anything for a good stout.”

On hearing this, Lord Mink looked up at Daryl. The young attendant seemed to be having some trouble acting upon his newfound freedom and was still standing in exactly the same place, shifting his weight nervously from one foot to the other.

“Give Riki a drink before you go, Daryl.”

At this, the mongrel perked up, looking hopefully toward Iason.

“We...we don’t have any stout, Master,” Daryl replied sadly, feeling certain that this omission was somehow a personal failing on his part.

“Quite true; give him...half a glass of cognac. No—Icarian Amber.” Lord Mink said this with a mysterious smile and then continued to read his journal.

The mongrel, having never tasted cognac before, frowned when the Blondie settled on Icarian Amber instead, though he was not about to register a formal complaint. Any drink was better than no drink, and Riki hadn’t expected Iason to offer him one at all. He was desperate for a smoke as well and wondered what had become of his cigarettes and his clothes, but thought it best not to push his luck with a plea for them—at least, not until he had secured the drink.

He kept very still until Daryl brought him the wine, as if any sort of movement might somehow result in Lord Mink suddenly changing his mind and taking this new unexpected privilege away.

Katze seemed to find something about the situation amusing, though Riki had no idea what. He glared at the eunuch, still rather annoyed at him for a very long and tiresome day of “training.” Katze had seemed bent on truly transforming him into a Blondie’s pet, but Riki had quickly made it perfectly clear that he had no intention of playing the part of a “pet” beyond what was absolutely unavoidable: he couldn’t, for instance, do much about the fact that he was naked

and in chains, but he was certainly not going to bow down and kiss Iason's feet, no matter how many times the auburn-haired attendant threatened him with a taming stick.

Katze only offered him a parting grin as he and Daryl quietly exited the penthouse, leaving Riki to puzzle over the reason for his mirth.

Eyeing Iason suspiciously as though half expecting him to leap out of the chair and come rushing over to confiscate his drink, the mongrel took a big, greedy gulp of the wine.

"One generally *sips* a fine wine," Lord Mink remarked quietly. The Blondie was sitting with his legs crossed, watching him, the issue of Tanagura Quarterly still open on his lap, though doing little to disguise Iason's matured erection.

"One generally isn't chained up naked in some Blondie lunatic's penthouse," Riki shot back, taking another noisy slurp as he glanced repeatedly at the formidable bulge at Lord Mink's groin. Though the size of the Blondie made him admittedly nervous, he was getting impatient with Iason's game and wondered how much longer it would be before the sexual agenda was advanced to the point of consummation. Though he wasn't looking forward to penetration, he fervently hoped that such a pairing would put an end to his captivity and he would finally be allowed to return to Ceres.

"That's a very expensive wine you're consuming so barbarically," Lord Mink continued, apparently finding it necessary to lecture Riki on this point. "Wine is meant to be savored and enjoyed, not inhaled as though from a pig trough."

The mongrel, though uneducated in the ways of the Elite, was not without sensibility or pride, especially once it was clear there was no danger of his drink being taken away. He felt a flush of embarrassment at having to be told not to slurp his drink. Even at the Midas Orphanage, where he had spent the majority of his childhood, that much etiquette had been taught, so he cringed a bit at the reprimand. Sitting up straighter, he swirled the honey-colored liquid in his glass in the same manner he had observed the

Blondie doing before offering his own, slightly less elegant critique on the fine wine.

“This is some expensive shit, huh? I guess it’s okay. Not as killer as stout, but a close second.”

“That is Icarian Amber,” Iason stated, carefully enunciating each word, and then, when this elicited no reaction from Riki, added, “One bottle costs nearly two million credits. One does not compare Icarian Amber with *stout*.”

“Well, excuse *me*. I meant to say, Oh! This is absolutely *divine*!” The mongrel spoke with an arrogant, refined tone of voice obviously meant to emulate Lord Mink.

The Blondie pursed his lips together and looked down at his journal, trying very hard not to laugh.

Sighing when his taunt seemed to generate no response, Riki examined the wine more closely, wondering what would possess anyone to pay so much for a mere *beverage*.

“You actually paid two million for this? I mean, seriously?”

“It is from my private reserve,” the Blondie answered softly.

The mongrel absorbed this statement for a moment, not quite believing it. “Your...your own reserve? You mean, you actually *own* a vineyard?”

“One can have a reserve without owning the vineyard, but, as it happens, yes I do,” Iason confirmed. “Several, in fact.”

“Holy shit. You must be bloody loaded,” Riki whispered under his breath. Although he had known from the beginning that the Blondie had more wealth than he could ever dream of having, he was only starting to get a sense of just how rich Iason Mink really was. He wondered if there was some way he could capitalize on this fact; what if he could make off with some sort of haul? His whole life would be different if he actually had significant financial resources—his days of living off the streets of Midas, always in survival mode, would finally be over.

But when it came right down to it, Riki really only wanted one thing: to be out of Eos and back home in Ceres, no matter how tough life on the streets was. If he had to leave with nothing to show

for his captivity, he would still consider himself lucky, as long as he was beyond the reach of Lord Iason Mink.

“What’s that? Speak up, I can’t hear you.”

“Hmmm?” the mongrel shook his head, acting as though he couldn’t remember what he’d just said, and then drained the glass.

The wine—though hardly worth its staggering two million credit price, in his view—did help take the edge off of his frustration, which had been mounting all day.

Riki had now been in the penthouse for four days and was becoming increasingly impatient with the situation. When was the Blondie going to tire of his strange little game and let him go?

He glanced at the large wall clock in the great hall, wondering what Guy and the gang were doing. He could only imagine how they were spinning his disappearance, and he couldn’t help but smile a little at the grand story he’d have to tell. Held captive four days in the penthouse of the Blondie Syndicate Head, in Eos Tower itself! They would never believe him, of course.

His smile faded when he realized that he couldn’t tell them everything—not about playing the part of a pet, anyway. He would never be able to live *that* down.

Almost as if on cue, Riki was suddenly aware that he was becoming aroused once again, and this time, his erection stubbornly resisted all the mental arts he deployed to bring his libido under control. He frowned, peering at the empty glass. “What’s in this stuff?” he demanded.

“An aphrodisiac,” Iason answered, with a slight smile.

Riki wondered why the Blondie had bothered with an aphrodisiac when he apparently had the means to elicit a sexual response via the sapphire ring he wore over one glove. As if this weren’t bad enough, the mongrel was already painfully aware of his own raw attraction to his captor. Iason didn’t need aphrodisiacs or rings to cull a response from him; all he needed to do was walk into the room.

It was infuriating, and Riki loathed himself for his attraction to Lord Mink, hated the way the Blondie’s slightest change of

expression or position could send shivers down his back and make the hairs on his arms stand on end.

The truth of the matter was that there was something positively magical about Iason Mink. Whether the Blondie was conscious of the effect he had on others was unclear; he certainly seemed to be comfortable in his own skin—perhaps even to the point of arrogance—but whether he truly realized how disarming his sexuality was, Riki didn't know. All he knew was that, for all his impatience with his situation, his body reacted unequivocally to Iason's presence.

"Come here," Lord Mink commanded.

"Why?" Riki countered, crossing his arms defiantly on his chest. He felt absolutely ridiculous to be sitting there with a completely matured erection, but he nevertheless made what attempt he could at seeming dignified.

"Because I told you to," came the Blondie's silky-soft reply, and then, when Riki continued to hesitate, he added, a little more sternly, "When I tell you to do something, pet, I expect you to do it. Now, do as I say. Don't make me go over there to retrieve you."

Riki, realizing he was hardly in a position to resist whatever Iason wanted, and feeling decidedly disinclined to be "retrieved" by the great Blondie, sighed loudly as though greatly inconvenienced by the request, and then reluctantly rose and slowly made his way toward Lord Mink. He stopped just short of his chair, having come as far as his chain would allow.

"I'll unchain you," Iason said, rising, "but I expect you to be civilized. Don't give me a reason to regret my leniency."

Riki tried very hard not to respond to this, but it was all he could do to keep from remarking on the fact that Iason's abducting him and keeping him imprisoned in Eos could hardly be considered *civilized* conduct. He forced himself to remain quiet, however, as the Blondie unhooked his neck-chain, anxious to be free of the humiliation and restraint of his chains.

"Why the sour look?" Iason asked finally.

The mongrel answered him with a harsh laugh. "What, are you fucking kidding me? You've kept me captive for four days, making me participate in this bizarre little pet fantasy of yours, and you wonder why my expression is sour? You don't think I might have some objection to all this?" Riki shook his head in disbelief. "You really are something else, you know that? Are all Blondies as twisted and fucked up as you?"

Iason made no reply, his gaze lowering to the mongrel's erection, which was now completely rigid and bobbing slightly where it angled out from his body. "Not all of you objects," he remarked pointedly.

Riki could hardly deny this fact when his body was betraying him so openly. His face grew hot as he looked away. He felt frustrated and humiliated, but most of all, he was angry with himself. How could he be sexually attracted to his captor? It was infuriating, and the mongrel had a sense that his arousal completely diluted any objection he might make to his predicament. The Blondie certainly didn't seem to be taking his plight seriously, at any rate.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, tears began to burn his eyes. He wiped them angrily with the back of his hand, cursing under his breath and desperately willing himself not to break down and cry. No, he wouldn't give Iason that satisfaction.

A single tear escaped all his efforts and began its lethargic trajectory down his cheek. Lord Mink caught it with the tip of a gloved finger, and then surprised Riki by kissing his face along the wet trail made by his tear.

"You shouldn't feel shame," he whispered. "I didn't intend for you to, when I pointed out your arousal. It...pleases me."

"I shouldn't be attracted to you," Riki answered bitterly.

"Why not?"

"What? Because...because you've ensnared—I mean, *enslaved* me!"

The mongrel was quivering head to toe, very much aware of the Blondie's closeness, of his lips moving along his cheek and his warm

breath teasing his skin. Lord Mink possessed a personal scent that was nothing short of intoxicating—musky, refined, masculine, and extraordinarily unique and complex. There were layers upon layers of subtle bouquets to it and yet, somehow, all the elements worked together to create a single overriding note that was unmistakable without being at all overpowering. And his hair—that magnificent, long, flowing hair—released its own perfume with the Blondie’s every move, leaving Riki feeling almost light-headed as he breathed in its heady scent.

When Iason tipped his chin aside with one finger to explore the side of his throat, Riki almost whimpered. The Blondie had honed in upon an erogenous zone he hadn’t even realized he possessed. Iason’s warm lips brushed over his skin, softly, provocatively, sending shivers through him.

Iason pulled back to look Riki in the eye. “You’re not my slave. Amoi does not condone slavery. You are my *pet*.”

“What’s the bloody difference?” the mongrel demanded.

“You are in a position of privilege, Riki. A slave does not enjoy such privilege.”

Riki scoffed loudly at this.

“A pet can live a very comfortable existence,” the Blondie continued, as he eased back down in his chair.

“How is being naked and chained up comfortable?” Riki challenged. “And forced to perform sexual acts on demand?”

“You are only in chains because you’re being so obstinate about all this,” Iason answered with a sigh. He took a sip of his wine and regarded Riki thoughtfully. “Once I’m satisfied that I can trust you to behave, you won’t need to be chained anymore. As for your clothes, I’ll buy you a new wardrobe—anything you like.”

“I just want my old clothes back,” the mongrel grumbled.

The Blondie shrugged. “If you wish.”

“And my smokes.”

“There will be no smoking in my house,” Iason answered firmly.

“I’ll go outside then—what about that balcony over there? Can’t I go out there to smoke?”

Lord Mink did not answer right away, which Riki took as an encouragement.

“Please? I mean I really *really* need a smoke, you have no idea how bad I need one.”

“It’s a filthy habit,” the Blondie observed matter-of-factly. “However, I will permit you...some time, every evening, to go onto the balcony with your cigarettes.”

Although Riki was tempted to argue that *one* smoke break a day was completely inadequate, he could hardly object to being given a privilege where previously none existed without endangering that very privilege, so he bit his tongue. It had been a very long four days in the penthouse without so much as a single smoke.

“When...when can I have one?” he probed.

“Later.”

“How much later?”

The Blondie shook a finger at him. “Do not badger me on this, pet. I will tell you when it is time. Now,” Iason took another sip of his wine and regarded him with a look of expectation. “Come closer.”

Riki wasn’t sure how much closer he could get: he was practically in the Blondie’s chair, as it was. Iason clarified what he wanted by setting his wine glass down, taking hold of his hips and pulling him so close that the mongrel’s cock inched tantalizingly close to Lord Mink’s mouth.

Riki grabbed the top of the chair back to keep his balance. He was breathing hard, his unblinking eyes opened wide.

“Oh fuck,” he whispered.

Riki’s head was spinning; the sight of his engorged flesh so close to Iason’s mouth was distressingly arousing. It was...pure torture, in fact. He bit his lip, stifling an incipient groan.

The Blondie examined him impassively, seeming indifferent to his predicament. He allowed his fingers to caress Riki’s hips teasingly but made no move to relieve the mongrel of his anguish.



“What...what do you want me to do?” Riki asked, feeling rather bewildered by Iason’s agenda.

“Hush.”

“At least...couldn’t you take off your gloves?”

Much to the mongrel’s surprise, Lord Mink obliged him, first removing the large sapphire ring he wore on one hand and setting it on the small table next to his chair. He removed his gloves in a graceful manner that betrayed years of practice, placing them neatly on the arm of the chair, and then began lightly grazing the sides of Riki’s hips with his fingertips.

The mongrel found this minimal, almost teasing bit of contact exceptionally erotic. He was panting, his heart beating hard and fast. Gripping the top of the Blondie’s chair so tightly his knuckles turned white, the dark-haired, dark-eyed prince of Midas felt his recalcitrance and pent-up irritation melt away, replaced, instead, by an overriding preoccupation with more prurient thoughts. If Riki had one weakness, it was for fellatio; he was forever pestering Guy to service him and never seemed to get quite enough of it. So it was difficult—no, impossible—*not* to be focused on his libido when his erection was perfectly positioned to be attended to by Lord Mink.

When Iason finally nuzzled his cheek against the side of his cock, it was more than he could take. Gone was any sort of resistance to his captor’s sexual demands: all that Riki wanted at that moment was to see matters move toward their proper conclusion, to have his sexual torment alleviated through the beckoning bliss of seminal release. In short, he wanted to ejaculate, and preferably in the mouth of the great Blondie.

“Suck me off,” he pleaded.

Iason hesitated, though he made no visible effort to move away.

“Look. In about two seconds I’m going to burst, whether you want me to or not,” Riki advised. “You’re the one who gave me that aphrodisiac. So how about you open that pretty Blondie mouth of yours and give me a decent send-off?”

“A Master does not service his pet,” Lord Mink replied quietly. He kept his gaze lowered, frowning slightly, his brow furrowed as though he were deep in thought.

“Oh really? And does a Master usually have his pet’s cock up in his face like this?”

The Blondie was silent, unable to refute the point; encouraged, Riki jabbed his organ towards Iason’s mouth.

“Come on. Help me out, and then I’ll give you the blow job of your dreams.” When Iason still made no reply, he added in a low voice, “I won’t tell anyone about what we do together, if that’s what you’re worried about. It’ll be just between us. Come on, *Master*. Give your pet a special treat.”

“This is...quite forbidden,” Lord Mink remarked as he began tentatively stroking the mongrel’s erection.

“So you say. Like I said, I won’t tell. Oh—that feels nice,” the mongrel encouraged, when Iason attended to him with more deliberate fondling. “Oh yeah. I like that. Mmmm. You’ve already jerked me off, twice, right? What’s the big deal about taking the next step?”

Without even realizing it, Lord Mink had slipped into the role of subservience to his own pet. Riki was calling the agenda, and the Blondie was having great difficulty refusing. He was excited beyond bearing; never in his life could he remember being more aroused than he was at that moment.

“Please?” Riki brushed his cock up against Iason’s lips, becoming bolder when the Blondie failed to turn his head aside or otherwise discourage his advances. “You know you want to. I’ll take care of you right after, I promise. I happen to be an expert at blow jobs. Guy says I’m the best he’s ever had.”

“Guy?”

“My...pairing partner. Back in Ceres. I’ve mentioned him, haven’t I?”

Lord Mink frowned. He rather disliked the image of Riki giving this “Guy” the best oral sex he’d ever had. “Perhaps,” he conceded.

“Come on. I’ll make that Blondie hair stand on end, guaranteed,” Riki pressed.

Lord Mink had been conditioned from his earliest years to obey the unwritten rules of Amoian society as strictly as he would the General Code, so even *contemplating* the mongrel’s salacious offer made him tremble head to toe. He could only imagine what Raoul would have to say about it, or—heaven forbid—Headmaster Konami. Or Jupiter.

But there was only so much stimulation a Blondie could take. Iason’s cock was so swollen he could hardly bear it; he was already wet with anticipation. Riki’s promise to pleasure him in a way that would make his “Blondie hair stand on end” had sent a shockwave of excitement through him. He was tempted to have Riki service him first; but then, he was rather looking forward to watching the mongrel’s ecstasy. No, he wouldn’t miss that for the world.

Lord Mink knew this moment was precisely what he’d secretly had in mind when he decided to stay home that evening. It was exactly what he’d longed to do ever since he’d first looked into the mongrel’s deep black eyes and saw there an invitation to taste the forbidden.

Thus the battle was already half won before he’d even come onto the field; Riki had overcome nearly all his remaining resistance in a single strike with his offer to *willingly* service him, employing his best technique.

Iason was actually astonished—though delighted—at the mongrel’s sudden turnaround. Since coming to the penthouse, and even just a few moments before, Riki had consistently resisted his sexual demands. Though Lord Mink admittedly enjoyed forcing him to perform against his will, he had begun to hunger for something a little more—for a little passion, perhaps.

What the great Blondie did not seem to comprehend was that Riki was not opposed to sexual intimacy per se: what he objected to, more than anything, was being made to perform for Iason as though on display. The pet ring only exacerbated his indignation;

he could not help but feel like a sexual toy when his arousal was artificially forced through the Blondie's ring.

The fact is that from the very beginning Riki had been game for sexual intimacy. It was Riki—not Iason—who had made the suggestion that first day that he repay Lord Mink through sexual favors. The mongrel had put the idea on the table because he did not want to be indebted to the Blondie—nor to anyone, for that matter, and Iason had certainly helped him out of a jam. Riki had nothing else to offer but his body. He had *assumed* Lord Mink would give him a good fucking, or demand fellatio, or perhaps even both; what he hadn't expected was to be *sampled* and then dragged off to Eos to perform for the Blondie around the clock. What Riki did not understand was that Iason wanted sexual intimacy—craved it, even—far more than he did, but because of deep-rooted cultural and psychological constraints was simply unable to act upon those desires...at least until now.

For once both Iason and Riki seemed to be in perfect agreement as to what the agenda should be. Lord Mink gazed up at Riki, not quite smiling, his face carefully pulled into an unreadable expression the mongrel had come to realize often hid the Blondie's true feelings. For all that he pretended to be void of emotion, Riki already sensed that there was much more to Lord Mink than he was letting on. Hence, there was truth to the old Amoian saying, *Still waters run deep*.

Even so, Iason could not disguise the passion that burned in his eyes, transforming his otherwise impassive expression into one of unmistakable desire. Lust had dilated his pupils and darkened his eyes to a mysterious shade of periwinkle blue, smoldering like sapphire flames at the root of a late autumn desert fire.

"You will not forget your promise," the Blondie stated, giving him a warning look as he arched a brow. "It would be...rather awkward for me, were anyone to guess I was sexually intimate with you."

Riki shook his head, swallowing hard, and not quite believing that Iason was actually going to honor his request. "I won't tell."

“Very well, then.” With that, Lord Mink proceeded to attend to his pet, beginning by flicking his tongue slowly and deliberately along the side of his shaft.

“God yeah,” Riki groaned, his eyes half shut as he watched the Blondie explore him.

Almost immediately it became abundantly clear that Iason was not inexperienced when it came to lingual arts. He was simply far too gifted to be a novice at fellatio, and Riki couldn’t help but wonder *who* had enjoyed the Blondie’s expertise before him—another Elite, perhaps?

Or some other pet?

For all Iason’s fuss over sexual intimacy between Masters and pets being prohibited, Riki knew it was entirely possible that Lord Mink made a habit of sampling every one of his pets. Strangely, he felt a pang of jealousy as he entertained his last possibility. He was not exactly sure why, but for some inexplicable reason Riki wanted to be the *first* pet to have tempted the great Blondie into the realms of the forbidden.

But he did not waste much time brooding over the matter; the moment was far too magnificent to be spent in any way other than delighting in the exquisite sensations Lord Mink’s artistry afforded. The Blondie’s tongue was like heaven itself. His every movement sent a surge through Riki, quickly bringing him to the very brink.

“That’s...amazingly good,” Riki panted, beside himself with pleasure. The mongrel had officially abandoned his stance of reluctance and defiance toward his captor. The world, time, space—all was forgotten, completely overshadowed by the glory of Iason Mink gliding his tongue so elegantly and thoroughly over his cock.

And Riki forgot himself, too. Excited, he seized the Blondie by the head, thrusting his fingers into his silky-soft hair, and, arching his body, butted up insistently against Iason’s mouth.

Lord Mink obliged his unspoken request and admitted him, much to the mongrel’s delight. Riki eagerly wiggled into that hot wetness, crying out as he did so, and not even realizing that he had made a sound.

“This is...bloody fucking beautiful,” he exclaimed, unleashing a tortured groan at the sight of his shaft disappearing inside the great Blondie’s mouth. He pulled out partway and then sunk into his mouth again, hissing and gasping all the while. Unable to resist, he began thrusting quickly. “I’m fucking you...Mr. Blondie...in the mouth. How does that feel? Huh? Do you like that? Yeah, you like it. I bet you want a good fucking too, deep in that firm ass of yours. Or maybe a fist? Isn’t that right?”

Riki had no idea as to the effect his sex dialogue had on Lord Mink. The Blondie, who had never heard anyone speak to him in such an explicit, direct fashion—not even Raoul—realized a little too late that he was in danger of losing his seed.

“Aw, yeah. It feels so fucking good, your mouth is like wet fire. Yeah, move your tongue, just like that. Yes, like *that*! Oh FUCK yeah! Oh shit! I’m...I’m going to....”

The mongrel was ejaculating before he could even think about withdrawing as he normally would have done. Guy would never have permitted him to come in his mouth, but Lord Mink, amazingly, did not refuse him that special little joy.

Almost in tears, and groaning as though in agony, Riki watched in utter ecstasy as the Blondie drank his seed. It was all over much too quickly, but that didn’t diminish his pleasure; no, he had never before enjoyed the thrill of releasing his semen onto a partner’s tongue—and certainly had never encountered so willing a reception as was offered by Lord Iason Mink. The Blondie acted almost as though he savored his essence, lapping up his seed with an eager enthusiasm that Riki found particularly erotic.

“Yeah, drink it,” he breathed as a few last remnant spasms shuddered through him, gifting him with just a few more jolts of delight. He could not remember having a more intense orgasm, ever in his life. It was almost as if his body could not quite give up the carnal celebration that had for some moments completely occupied his entire being; even in the denouement, there was pleasure to be had.

From beginning to end, the experience had been, for Riki, absolutely, incontrovertibly *perfect*—except, perhaps, for the brevity of his service, for the mongrel had been unable to hold his seed more than a few minutes when confronted with the masterful artistry of the Blondie's tongue.

Only as he slowly withdrew did a sense of shame and self-hatred begin to spoil the glory of the moment. He hadn't held back at all, and not once when he was cramming his cock down the Blondie's throat had he even thought of Guy—except toward the very end, and that was only to reflect that Guy would have insisted he withdraw before releasing. Guy, he recalled, had even *spit* his semen out, on the one occasion when Riki had unintentionally begun his ascent a bit too soon.

But Iason had not spit out his seed; no, the Blondie had done the unthinkable, drinking him dry as though Riki was offering him not his salty wad but some priceless potable—like the Icarian Amber Lord Mink had seemed so enamored of, though Blondie had not *sipped* the offering but instead had gulped it all down with an enthusiasm the mongrel found both erotic and flattering. For all the wrong Iason had done to him thus far, Riki had to concede that much had been rectified right there in his chair, or rather, in the great Blondie's mouth.

The encounter had rendered him speechless, his thoughts in a turmoil as he gradually regained awareness of his surroundings. He stepped back from the chair, still panting.

Lord Mink slowly rose, his eyes bright and glistening. "Don't move," he ordered, shaking his finger in a scolding fashion before rather suddenly and inexplicably exiting the great hall.

The opportunity presented itself so unexpectedly, the mongrel hardly knew what to do. At first he was still reeling from the sexual encounter and could hardly think about anything at all, other than the fact that he had just, more or less, cheated on Guy—and that he had completely gotten off on it, too. It didn't matter that Iason was forcing him to engage in sexual activity; Riki knew, in his heart, that he had enjoyed every moment of that union. Any initial reluctance

had been entirely forgotten by the time Lord Mink had agreed to service him.

Truth be told, Riki had never known more pleasure than when his cock was inside the Blondie's mouth, rolling over his hot, wet tongue. And then...he couldn't help but marvel, once again, that Iason had swallowed his seed, *willingly*.

Riki closed his eyes, shivering at the memory. He would never forget how amazing it had felt to be sucked off by Lord Iason Mink, not as long as he lived. He would never forget the way it felt with his hands buried in the Blondie's soft hair, as he slid into his mouth, would never forget the sensation of ejaculating exactly when and where he wanted to, without being made to feel that he had done something wrong—Iason had openly welcomed the act, encouraged him, even. No, he would never forget.

But he would never be able to tell anyone about it...or at least, not Guy.

Sighing, Riki opened his eyes and peered down the long corridor where the Blondie had disappeared, wondering what he was doing. His stomach growled, reminding him that he had refused his dinner that evening—a rebellion he was starting to regret. He was dying for a smoke and hoped Iason would keep his word and let him take his cigarettes out onto the balcony. Maybe when Iason returned to the great hall....

*When Iason returned....*

Riki's eyes widened as the realization finally hit him that Lord Mink had left him in the great hall completely alone—and *unchained*. The Blondie had already been gone a few minutes! His heart was pounding so hard it felt like it would explode right out of his chest. Excitement surged through him, bringing his post-orgasmic lethargy to a decided end.

Who knew when he would have an opportunity like this again?

He immediately started toward the main entrance, but then remembered what Katze had said about his pet ring triggering an alarm. He frowned. There was no reason for Katze to lie about that, and he knew Lord Mink would *not* be pleased if, after warning him



to stay put, Riki instead managed to set off some sort of alarm that betrayed his disobedience. If he was going to test out the door, Riki knew he would have to wait until the Blondie was not in the penthouse.

His next thought was to arm himself with some sort of weapon. He eyed the handsome, heavily decorated Urasian battle-axe that was proudly displayed near the fireplace, having already, many times from the corner of the room, admired it and wondered if he had the strength to wield it. Then he considered Lord Mink and almost laughed. There was no way he could hope to overcome him. Even Riki knew of the awe-inspiring strength Blondies possessed. And even if he *could* overpower Iason, he was not so sure that he *would*. After all, he didn't want to see Lord Mink come to any real harm....

The mongrel swallowed hard as this truth hit home. In the space of just a few minutes Iason had gained a new standing with him. The intimacy they had shared had shifted some crucial weight in his reckoning, at least in one important way: he could not raise his hand against the Blondie, no matter how much he wanted his freedom.

He could take Daryl out, he felt sure—but the truth of the matter was that Riki was already starting to develop a begrudging fondness for the nervous young attendant. There was something endearing—if a little pathetic—about him. He might have been able to when he first came to the penthouse, but he didn't think he could harm Daryl now, even if it meant losing his only chance of escape. No; he was sure he could not. Nor could he envision hurting Katze, despite how thoroughly the eunuch had irritated him that day.

The mongrel shook his head, feeling a little disgusted with himself. He was getting soft. Guy wouldn't hesitate to use whatever force was necessary to get out of the penthouse, he felt sure.

But...Riki wasn't Guy.

He scanned the room desperately, very much aware that he had perhaps only a few seconds more to act. There had to be *something*

he could do to take advantage of the moment. At the very least, there was something he could *steal*, surely.

His gaze moved to the table next to Iason's chair where he spied, with a little gasp of delight, the Blondie's sapphire ring. Seizing it, he frantically attempted to open it in order to access the pet ring activation button he'd seen Iason press, but all his fumbling with the ring got him nowhere. At one point he even dropped it, horrified at the sound the ring made when it hit the marble floor and bounced a few paces away. Riki felt sure the entire penthouse had heard the clamor of the ring hitting the floor; Iason had, surely.

He lunged toward the ring and then held it indecisively, trying to decide what to do. He was out of time—the Blondie would return at any moment.

Riki looked at the ring. Where could he hide it?

Whether it was his rough-and-tumble mongrel upbringing on the streets of Ceres or the panic of the moment that put the idea in his head, was unclear. All Riki knew was that a few rather inelegant contortions of his body accomplished the objective he'd settled on and relocated in a ring in a place he felt sure—or at least *hoped*—the Blondie would not look. He would simply have to wait until Iason was out of the house or asleep to retrieve and open the ring.

Lord Mink stood for some moments in the bath hall, trying to compose himself. He knew that the intimate contact he had just shared with his pet was shameful, but even knowing this did not erode his pleasure. No, if anything, the knowledge that his conduct was forbidden had only made the moment even more exciting for him.

What he had done was taboo. A Master did not deliberately touch a pet in a sexual way. A Master did not *service* his pet. Nor did a Master permit a pet to release his seed onto his body—or into it. He had crossed a line with Riki, and he knew it.

Yet from the very beginning the Blondie had been crossing that line. At their first encounter, he had brought Riki to orgasm—not deliberately, but the mongrel had ejaculated almost the moment he had touched him. Iason had known, even if Riki had not, that he

would bring him back to Eos as his new pet, and even knowing this, he had been unable to resist fondling him that day.

In the great hall Iason had been beside himself with desire. Riki had aroused him like he never had before, first with his pleas for oral pleasure and then with his enticing promise to return the favor. Finally, the mongrel's sex cries and groans, coupled with the rather shocking sex talk he had engaged in toward the end of the encounter, had excited him beyond bearing.

And then Iason had done something he had never done before. He had lost his seed, right there in the chair, almost the very moment Riki had released. This had happened without his even touching himself and almost entirely without warning, though he should have guessed it might happen. He had simply been too engorged for too long, and he had not taken care to guard himself when the encounter took an especially exciting turn.

He splashed some water on his face and then unfastened the access flap on his bodysuit to clean up the mess he'd made. He had certainly enjoyed the moment, but he was irritated with himself for not holding out a bit longer, at least until Riki had a chance to make good his promise.

But there was still time for that. He would ready himself by having the mongrel perform for him first—perhaps even a few times, if necessary. Riki was spent, but Iason could easily bring him to arousal again with his ring.

Having settled on this agenda, Lord Mink finished cleaning up and made his way back to the great hall. He found Riki exactly where he had left him, though it seemed to him that the mongrel was pulling a strange expression.

"You look like you have something to say," he remarked, sitting down and crossing his legs. He reached for his wine and took a sip, keeping his gaze on Riki as he did so.

"Huh?" The mongrel stared back at him with wide eyes, his expression unreadable. "I mean—no, I don't have anything to say."

"Well then; I'm going to have you perform for me. You can stand or sit down—even lie down—whatever you like."

At this, the mongrel gave him something of a panicked look.

Iason smiled. "Not to worry, pet. You won't disappoint me," he said in a comforting way, assuming Riki was concerned because he was no longer aroused. He reached for his sapphire ring, which he had set down on the table next to his chair and, not immediately finding it, turned to examine the table. He frowned, moving aside the issue of Tanagura Quarterly that was lying there.

No ring.

Puzzled, Lord Mink looked under the table and then at the floor. Had the ring somehow fallen from the table? Iason was *sure* he had set the ring on the table before he had removed his gloves.

The mongrel watched him anxiously, trying to stave back his nervousness. Of course Iason wasn't finished with him yet—why hadn't he thought of that before he took the ring?

The Blondie picked up the lamp that was on the table and, not finding anything, set it back down. Then he looked at Riki.

Riki was trying very hard to keep his expression neutral. He stood very still, his eyes wide—a bit *too* wide.

Suspicious, Iason arched a brow. "Pet, have you seen my ring?"

"No," Riki answered.

The Blondie studied him for a long moment. "I'll ask you again. Do you know where my ring is, Riki?"

"I already told you NO. Sheesh," the mongrel replied. "I don't know where your ring is. I don't even know what ring you're talking about."

"I mean my sapphire ring—a sapphire is a blue stone, pet. I put it right here on this table."

"I know what a sapphire is, you don't have to be so condensing," Riki answered, feeling insulted and yet, ironically, not even realizing that he had used the wrong word in his accusation. "Maybe I'm not rich enough to wear rings with fancy stones and secret compartments but that doesn't mean I don't know what a sapphire is. And I already told you, I don't know where it is."

Iason was quiet for a moment. “Pet, if you are lying to me....” he began, touching the tips of his fingers together as he regarded Riki with an unwavering stare.

Riki tried his best to return his gaze without blinking, but something about the Blondie’s expression was unsettling.

“If you don’t even know what ring I’m talking about, what made you mention a secret compartment?” Lord Mink probed.

Riki fidgeted, feeling his face start to tingle and burn. “I only just now remembered that you were wearing that ring, the one with the...control panel...or whatever,” he whispered.

Lord Mink stood up, looking Riki dead in the eyes. “Pet, where is my ring?”

“I don’t know,” Riki answered, a bit weakly.

“Did you touch it?”

“No.” The mongrel looked up at the great Blondie, suddenly feeling rather small.

Iason stood with his hands on his hips, his lips pressed together in an angry line.

“You’re lying to me.”

Whether it was the Blondie’s unwavering stare or the mongrel’s own guilt about what he had done, Riki found himself unable to look Iason in the eye.

Lord Mink took hold of his chin, forcing his attention. “Pet, I’m going to ask you *one* more time. Where is my ring? Did you take it?”

Riki remained silent, watching the Blondie’s developing anger uneasily. His little plan wasn’t working out at all as he hoped, and part of him wondered if maybe he should just come clean. But he couldn’t quite give up on the hope that maybe Iason still wouldn’t find it, and as he saw it, that ring was his only chance of escape.

Without it, he could be stuck in the Blondie’s penthouse indefinitely—maybe even for a few weeks! It had already been four days, and Lord Mink had given no indication that he intended to release him any time soon.

Bristling a bit, Riki shot back, “Where could I possibly put it? Does it look like I have pockets? It’s bad enough you’re keeping me

here against my will, forcing me to play your perverted little sexual game, but now you're accusing me of being a thief on top of it."

The Blondie seemed to soften a little at this. "Perhaps I'm mistaken."

"Damn right," Riki agreed quickly.

"I suppose I can run a reverse tracer to locate it," Iason continued, watching him carefully.

The mongrel paled. "What?"

"I can use your identification ring," Lord Mink explained, nodding toward Riki's cock ring.

"It will take a bit of programming to reverse the tracer path, but it's doable."

Riki frowned, looking decidedly uncomfortable.

Lord Mink crossed his arms on his chest, giving Riki a stern look. "Of course, I'd rather not go to the trouble. And pet, I had better not find the ring *hidden* somewhere, since we both know *you* were the only one who could have hidden it."

The mongrel remained silent though was visibly uncomfortable with Iason's remark.

"You took the ring, isn't that right?" Iason accused finally.

"I don't know where your dumb old ring is," Riki replied after a pause.

The Blondie pressed his lips together, not even attempting to hide his irritation. "Now, pet. Listen very closely. I'm going to be *very displeased* with you, if I discover that you are lying to me."

"You already said that," the mongrel sighed.

"The sooner you tell me where that ring is, the better it will be for you," Lord Mink continued, ignoring him.

Riki frowned. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"What do you *think* it means?"

"How should I know?"

Iason sighed. "It means, Riki, that if you are lying to me, you are going to be punished. The sooner you own up to it, the less severe that punishment will be."

“Well, I’m not lying to you, so I won’t be punished at all,” the mongrel replied.

“Riki, I know you took the ring,” Lord Mink stated.

“How do you know?” Riki challenged.

“I know because it’s written all over your face as clearly as if you’d already confessed it, *which it would well behoove you to do right now.*”

“I didn’t take it!”

“Riki!”

“Why should I confess to something I didn’t do?”

“Pet, you are making me *very* angry.”

“I already told you a hundred fucking times, I didn’t take your bloody ring, and I don’t know where the blasted thing is!” Riki shouted.

“How *dare* you raise your voice to me,” Lord Mink hissed.

Out of instinct, Riki took a step backward.

And then, something very peculiar happened. Inexplicably, the mongrel began developing an erection—and not just any erection. His cock had never filled so quickly. In an instant he was completely erect, as fast as a water balloon held under a faucet.

Horrified, Riki realized what must have happened. Somehow Iason’s ring had come open inside him and had activated his cock ring.

And now Iason knew it, too.

The mongrel stared down at the floor, unable to look Lord Mink in the eye. The Blondie was silent for a long moment. Then he asked with surprising quietness, “*Where* is my ring, pet?”

Riki only shook his head.

“Come here.” The Blondie seized Riki’s wrist and dragged the mongrel over to the dining room table. He bent Riki over the edge of the table, pressing his torso down with one hand. “Spread your legs!” he commanded, shoving knees between Riki’s legs to assist him with this task.

The mongrel, defeated, did not try to resist. He was actually rather anxious for the ring to be removed, for he wasn’t entirely

sure what would happen if it continued to activate his cock ring without so much as a pause. He was uncomfortably aroused but that was the least of his concerns: he knew that, now that he was about to be proven a liar, the evening's agenda had just been completely rewritten.

"Riki, let me be as clear as I can be. I am going put my finger inside you. I had better not find what I think I'm going to find." The Blondie's voice shook as he spoke.

"Then you should rethink where you're about to stick your finger," the mongrel quipped, wryly.

The Blondie was not amused. "Riki, if I find that ring...."

"Yes, yes, I know. You're going to be *very displeased*," the mongrel interrupted. "You told me a million times already."

"Spread your legs wider."

Sighing, Riki obliged him, though he shivered a little. The position was indisputably erotic, and he was exceedingly aroused. He closed his eyes when Iason pressed his finger up to his portal, biting his lip.

The Blondie slid his finger up inside him. Riki, unable to help himself, groaned with delight.

"Ah. Here we are. What do you suppose I have found, pet?" Lord Mink whispered.

"Your ring?"

"Precisely. The very ring which you insisted you knew nothing about. The very ring which I *warned* you, if I found inside you, was going to make me very *very* angry with you."

"Well...at least you found it, though. That's a good thing, right?" the mongrel suggested hopefully.

Lord Mink, though still quite aggravated, felt an unaccountable surge of affection for his pet when the mongrel, finally caught in his lie, produced such an answer.

"Why did you take it?" he asked, exasperated.

"I don't know," Riki answered.

Iason had slid his finger inside the ring, and in doing so had moved deeper inside his pet, who unleashed another low moan and,



without even meaning to, rocked back against the Blondie to encourage deeper penetration.

Lord Mink, who had been fuming moments before, was now rather distracted by the situation at hand. With the ring still on his finger, he began slowly thrusting inside his pet, much to the mongrel's obvious delight. Unleashing an unearthly, tortured vocalization, followed by a series of excited grunts, Riki bucked back against Iason's hand again and again, impaling himself fully on the Blondie's finger.

"That feels so good," Riki whispered. "Put another finger inside."

The Blondie's cock went rigid in an instant. Though he knew Riki's arousal was artificially induced—the ring had, no doubt, come open and was activating the mongrel's cock ring with his every move—this didn't diminish his own excitement at hearing his pet so openly express his pleasure. He obliged Riki without hesitation, inserting a second finger and thrusting in a deliberate, forceful manner designed to incur maximum stimulation.

"Oh yeah! You have no idea how good that feels," Riki groaned.

"I suppose you took the ring because you thought you might escape, using it," Iason said with a sigh.

Riki detected a softening of the Blondie's anger and quickly seized the opportunity. "No," he gasped. "Oh! Yes! Just like that! Keep doing that! Mmmm...no, that's not why."

"No? Then why did you take it?"

Despite the fact that he was enjoying perhaps the best fingering he could ever remember getting, the mongrel had not lost his wits or any of his wile. "I took it because it was pretty," he answered. "I've never seen anything like it. That blue stone and everything. I've never had anything beautiful like that before. You wouldn't understand, being as rich as you are."

Amazingly, Lord Mink actually seemed to accept this explanation as a valid possibility. "I can understand how the ring might have proved a temptation for you. It is a very beautiful ring—

and a very expensive one, too. How much do you suppose it cost me? Hmmm?”

“Um...I really don't know,” the mongrel gasped. “Oh!”

“Then I'll tell you. Five million credits, pet.”

Stunned at this figure, the mongrel remained silent, once again in awe of Lord Mink's almost shocking wealth. He couldn't even get his head around such a figure.

“Did you hear me?”

“I heard you,” Riki answered. “It's...top of the line, I guess.”

“Yes. Very much *top of the line*, Riki. And where is that ring, right now? Hmmm?”

“In my ass?”

“Precisely. What you decided to thrust up your mongrel arse was a five million dollar ring, which I *just* purchased this week, by the way. What do you have to say to that?” the Blondie demanded.

“Um...well...you should probably wash it.”

“*You* shall wash it, pet, and you had better hope it is not in any way damaged.”

“Okay,” the mongrel agreed, sounding a little strained.

“If you have broken the activation mechanism I am going to be very cross with you.”

“I don't think it's broken,” Riki whispered. He was so aroused he could hardly focus on what Iason was saying, and the Blondie's now almost merciless thrusting was hurling him, once more, right to the brink.

“I understand you were tempted to take the ring,” Lord Mink continued. “However, that doesn't excuse your taking it, and it doesn't change the fact that you continued to lie to me about it after I confronted you.”

“I was afraid you would punish me,” Riki replied, this time half-honestly.

“Oh, I *am* going to punish you, pet. Make no mistake there. You're going to be very sorry you took that ring.”

The mongrel at first made no answer, trembling almost as much from this remark as from the Blondie's nether region ministrations.

Finally he asked, "What are you going to do?"

"I haven't decided. I shall have to determine what punishment will best answer your transgression," Lord Mink continued. He unfastened the groin access flap on his bodysuit, releasing his erection so that he could fondle himself, all the while keeping his fingers pumping inside the mongrel. Despite the harsh tone he took with his pet, he was also having difficulty staying focused on the issue—or staying angry, for that matter.

"I'm going to come," Riki announced abruptly.

"Don't you *dare* ejaculate," Lord Mink hissed.

"What?"

"You heard me."

"You've got to be kidding!"

"I assure you, I am perfectly in earnest. It would hardly do to reward your mischief with an orgasm," the Blondie replied.

"Then get your fingers out of my ass!"

"No, you'll take the stimulation, but you will *not* release."

"That's bloody impossible!" the mongrel protested.

"You'd best mind me, Riki. If you disobey me, it's going to be much worse for you."

"This is sexual torture. You know that? You're a fucking sadist, that's what you are!"

"I am not torturing you," Lord Mink clarified. "I am *punishing* you, as I promised. This is, of course, only the beginning."

"Bloody hell," the mongrel groaned.

The Blondie stepped back to get a better view of Riki, who was very submissively and provocatively positioned over the edge of the table with his legs wide apart. Iason knew that what he was doing—fingering his pet—was without question frowned upon; it was something that was joked about or mentioned as an insult, as was servicing a pet or, even worse, penetrating one with the tongue—

referred to as “tasting” among the Elite and considered particularly vulgar.

But, of course, the worst offense one could commit with a pet was to copulate with him. Iason had now committed two of the four forbidden acts, and he had never felt more aroused in his life. He was even more excited than he had been earlier that evening, except now he possessed a measure of control he had lacked while servicing the mongrel.

As he took in the scene before him, the Blondie realized that he had reached a point of no return. Riki was perfectly positioned for him and was eagerly accepting his attentions. He would never have a better opportunity than he did at that very moment to do that which, deep in his heart, he longed most to do.

The mongrel, puzzled by his silence, looked behind him and, finding Lord Mink standing there with his glory unveiled, opened his mouth in disbelief, having never encountered glory of such considerable magnitude before.

“Holy shit! You’re not going to—”

“Stay put,” Iason scolded, when Riki made some attempt at moving out of position.

“You can’t fuck me with that! I’ll need an ambulance!” the mongrel protested.

“I warned you your punishment would be severe,” Iason said in a low voice, trying to control his mounting excitement. He repositioned himself, pressing his thighs against Riki’s and opening his legs a little more. “Now we’re getting to it.”

“Please don’t do it. I don’t think it’s even possible,” Riki pleaded. “You’ll rip me up with that thing!”

Lord Mink shivered, finding his pet’s reluctance, and his pleading tone, a new source of stimulation. It only made him want to continue, even more than before. He was breathing heavily as he brought his cock close to Riki’s portal. The sight of his massive organ approaching the tiny opening was almost more than he could bear.

“Oh pet,” he groaned.

The mongrel's sanctum was still clamped around his fingers; Iason knew the fit around his cock would indeed be extraordinarily, deliciously, *impossibly* tight.

"Please...*Master*," Riki begged, deciding, out of desperation, to take a different approach with the Blondie. "Please don't, *Master*, please."

"Shhhh."

"Please...you're too big!"

The Blondie knew he was far too big; he was counting on it. It was this very fact that made Blondie Master/pet union imagery so highly-priced in the black market. Iason had indulged in more than a few such contraband images, and Omaki Ghan, the vendor who knew of his penchant, was always tempting him with some new collection. Lord Mink was especially enamored of first penetration scenes, a fact that Lord Ghan took pains to cater to—and they always played out very much like the current scenario, beginning with a good deal of begging and whimpering, and ending, of course, with the Blondie crammed completely inside his distraught pet, and the Blondie Master *always* in utter ecstasy.

Iason had fantasized about taking every one of his pets, at one time or another. But this was the first time he had seriously contemplated carrying out the act. And now that he was positioned to make that conquest a reality in very short order, the Blondie knew there was simply no turning back. His cock was hot in his hand as he wiggled close to the mongrel, slowly withdrew his fingers and then pressed the tip of his organ firmly against his pet's reluctant sphincter.

"Now pet," he scolded, though a bit breathlessly, "You know I must punish you. You brought this on yourself. You must learn to take your punishment without fuss."

In saying this, the Blondie was only playing a part. In fact, he actually enjoyed the mongrel's fussing and was rather hoping to hear a bit more pleading and begging for mercy—all of which he would, of course, completely ignore. Now that he had made up his mind, nothing Riki said or did could stop him from proceeding.

The moment Lord Mink had dreamed of and fantasized about for years had finally arrived: he was about to challenge one of his pets with the full measure of his Blondiehood, deep in the ass, without any restraint whatsoever.

“After I finish, my pet, you will be *mine*, forever,” the Blondie whispered.

“Jupiter help me,” Riki moaned, closing his eyes and bracing himself.

At that moment there came a pounding at the front door. “Iason! I hear you in there! Where have you been all night? Open up!”

“Blast!” The word flew from the Blondie’s mouth with uncharacteristic vehemence. It was one of the few times in his life Lord Mink had ever sworn. He knew the voice too well to have any doubt about who had interrupted him at such an inauspicious moment.

It was Raoul Am.